

NOVEMBER 20, 1978

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A Letter from the Publisher

FOR TIME correspondents covering the election across the country last week, the campaigns and the moments of victory or defeat produced some vivid impressions that will stay fresh years from now when they look back on Nov. 7, 1978. Midwest Bureau Chief Benjamin Cate, for example, following Illinois Senator Charles Percy throughout his come-from-behind re-election battle, and witnessed an extraordinary victory speech. Reports Cate: "Wan and misty-eyed, Percy could not control the trembling of his hands as he read his statement. The tough race had humbled a normally proud man."

After Philadelphians defeated a proposal that would have allowed Mayor Frank Rizzo to seek a third term, New York Correspondent Robert Parker visited the headquarters of the victors and watched "snake dances with revelers flashing signs, DING DONG, THE WITCH IS DEAD." At Governor Jerry Brown's re-election party in Los Angeles, Correspondent Joe Kane observed while celebrants, dressed in costumes ranging from knickers to gold lamé, absorbed mariachi music. "To top it all off," says Kane, "an Arab

sheik arrived in full native costume, including six rings. He easily fit into this curious, Bruegelian scene."

Perhaps the correspondents' most pleasant memories of the 1978 election are held by two men with greatly dissimilar experience. Senior Correspondent Jim Bell, who rode the Wendell Willkie presidential train in 1940, believes this year's Senate race in Massachusetts between Edward Brooke and Paul Tsongas was the fairest and most honorable campaign he has ever seen. "The two candidates," says Bell, "ended up the way they started: gentlemen."

Jeff Melvoin, covering his first campaign for TIME, recalls the sight of G. Carlton Snowe helping his daughter-in-law Olympia Snowe win a seat in Congress from Maine. Reports Melvoin: "A big, broad man with an easy outdoor manner, 'Charlie' greeted his neighbors as they came to vote. As I drove away in the bleak New England afternoon, his white hair made him easy to pick out: a large figure bundled up against the cold wind, with a warm word for each passer-by, going the last mile for his daughter-in-law."



Ben Cate with Percy; Joe Kane with Brown

Index

Cover: Design by Doug Taylor and Michael Doret.



16 Cover: In a shift toward conservatism, tax-cutters win big in the off-year elections. Democrats easily stay on top, but the White House is shaken by G.O.P. gains that could mean trouble for Carter in 1980. See NATION.



110 Norman Rockwell: An era in illustration comes to an end as an institution dies at 84. Rockwell's strengths, and cornball weaknesses, put him beside Walt Disney as the most-loved artist in American popular culture. See ART.



50 Iran: In a dramatic effort to preserve his dynasty, the Shah installs a military government, but also promises to fight corruption and restore democracy. Still, the question remains: Was it all too little and too late? See WORLD.

16 Election
Who beat whom, where and why: Hubert Humphrey's old party commits suicide. ► Some bright new faces will shine in the Senate. ► A litany of the big losers.
► New techniques are changing the political process. ► Not a bad year at all for women in politics. ► The tax revolt thrives and spreads.

42 Essay
With individualistic candidates running mostly for themselves, the political parties have faded as a force in American life.

82 Economy & Business
The fight to keep the dollar afloat abroad still struggles on.
► Plain talk from Chrysler's brand new "animal trainer."

55 World
A test of nerves in the Middle East peace talks. ► Israel's "new facts" for East Jerusalem. ► India's Honored Sister returns.

107 Music
Once the aloof patron of the arts, chamber music is sweeping the land as superb young players form new groups.

64 Press
At UNESCO, the Third World will try to change the flow of international news, posing a threat to the freedom of the press.

113 Dance
Acrobatic, slapstick, muscular and balletic: the group with the odd name of Pilobolus does its own thing splendidly.

71 Medicine
As gadfly for a Nader health group, Sidney Wolfe stings bureaucrats. ► Plans for another Great American Smokeout.

126 Sport
A sad week: Gene Tunney dies at 81 and Bobby Orr retires from hockey, just seven days after Bobby Hull did the same.

81 Science
Baffled by UFOs? Two U.S. Agriculture scientists have a surprising explanation for those glowing saucers in the sky.

6 Letters
8 American Scene
72 Religion
81 Milestones
95 Show Business
98 Cinema
112 People
118 Books

TIME is published weekly at the subscription price of \$31 per year, by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Edward Patrick Lenahan, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second class postage (865800) paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 112 No. 21 © 1978 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

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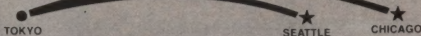
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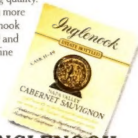
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Letters

The Polish Pope

To the Editors:

Pope John Paul II [Oct. 30] is going to be a sensational Pope. He seems to be sure of himself. The Cardinals made an excellent choice. He's just like the man next door, except he just happens to be Pope.

*Terri Freedman
Camarillo, California*



It should come as no surprise to anyone that a Polish Pope has been elected. In the Christian society, Poland has always represented the suffering Christ. They have been sold down the river many times (once by an American President) and now have lost faith in indeed miraculous. That the Vicar of Christ should come from these people is merely a reaffirmation of the presence of the Holy Spirit.

*Katherine Bieluch
New York City*

As a Catholic whose faith has been eroded during the past couple of years by hypocrites in habits and materials in collars, I can only hope Pope John Paul II will bring cohesiveness to the divided laity. I also hope he will be more open on the birth-control issue, particularly in countries where the production of life is the prevention of life.

*Bernadette Zimmerman
Spartanburg, S.C.*

At this moment four of the most prominent men in the fields of religion (John Paul II), politics (Zbigniew Brzezinski and Menachem Begin) and literature (Isaac Bashevis Singer) are Polish-born. Hurray for Poland!

*Barbara Schenker
Melbourne, Australia*

Women and War

I loved your article about women in the military [Oct. 30]. Wow, if I were only 30 years younger. I served in the WASP.



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Letters

during World War II. Guess what? I could pick up 100 lbs. even when six months pregnant. And I'm 5 ft. 6 in. and weigh 120 lbs. So don't tell me women can't do the labor. I hope all goes well with the lady military.

*Lulie Robinette
Weston, Conn.*

Instead of your article being called "Women May Yet Save the Army," it should be entitled "How Can the Army Be Saved from the Women?"

*Matt Taylor
Eugene, Ore.*

Nothing I saw the troops or their officers do during the time I served in Viet Nam could not have been done by a 100-lb. female. The bleeding is the only hard part, and it requires no special skill.

*William D. Watson
Denver*

The only objection I have to a military composed of 10% women by 1983 is that since women are unproved in combat, a potential enemy may view them as an American weakness. Foreign military officers I have spoken to tend to believe the U.S. is using its women in combat roles because without the draft it is unable to "man" its ranks.

*Jim Bob Green
Plainview, Texas*

When the real shooting starts, are the folks on the home front prepared to be told of gal grunts and female flyers coming home in pine boxes? Unless Americans can handle that, all the peacetime combat training in the world won't be worth a spent bullet, because the G.I. Janes are going to stay home too.

*Hal Glassman
Miami Beach*

Heart of Democracy

Contrary to what Frank Trippett says in his Essay (Oct. 23), the "very heart of American democracy" is not a "spirit of accommodation and mutual respect." Rather, it is the protection of the rights of the individual as guaranteed by the Constitution. It is precisely these rights that differentiate the democracy of the U.S. from the "democracy" practiced in Communist countries where the rights of society always come before those of the individual. Thank God for factionalism because, Mr. Trippett, it is democracy.

*L. David Silver, M.D.
New York City*

The National Rifle Association's position is based on Article II of the Constitution and has nothing whatsoever to do with popular support. The Bill of Rights was put there by the founding fathers specifically because they did not trust what you refer to as overwhelming popular support. The overwhelming pop-



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Letters

ular-support boys would deprive us of the protection of Article I, freedom of the press, just as they would deprive us of the other nine articles, provided the circumstances were right

*John Pascal Paddock
Oklahoma City*

Single-interest groups are needed because particular dams, freeways and threats to civil liberties have particular victims who do better by organizing a particular response. Without the Audubon Society and the Sierra Club, the non-Establishment majority would have no one to defend them against the single-issue groups in and around the Government

*Susanne Jerome
Phoenix*

Plastic Bombeck

I am one of those who made Erma Bombeck's book a bestseller, and I can tell you I am no canned laughter [Oct 30]. Carol Burnett's character was far easier to identify with than some cutesie bleached blond whose only problem in life is deciding on how little she wants to wear. And Frank Rich calls Bombeck plastic.

*Nina Arani
Cucamonga, Calif.*

Thank you, Frank Rich, for your indictment of Erma Bombeck. Her humor is trite, repetitious and chauvinistic. It is frightening that such a recipe can be mistaken for genuine satire.

*William Hammett
New Orleans*

To attack Erma Bombeck is not only un-American but antimotherhood and antifamily. Fie to the person who would deprive me of a good chuckle while I try to civilize my children.

*Eva Logan
West Palm Beach, Fla.*

Barbaric Massacres

With all this hullabaloo about defending the rights of the people of the small and nonaligned nations by the so-called superpowers and the U.N., no one has had enough conscience to do something effective about the devastating war that has been going on with its barbaric massacres for almost four years in a peaceful country like Lebanon [Oct 23].

*Kahloun Hamameh
Beirut*

Considering the number of people they have killed and the damage they cause, how can you continually call them the Syrian peace-keeping force?

*Hubert J. Kulski
New York City*

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U.S. GOVERNMENT REPORT: CARLTON LOWEST.

Carlton claim confirmed.

Many cigarettes are using national advertising to identify themselves as "low tar." Consumers, however, should find out just how low these brands are—or aren't. Based on U.S. Government Report:

14 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Vantage.

11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Merit.

11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Kent Golden Lights.

6 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one True.

The tar and nicotine content per cigarette of selected brands was:

	tar mg.	nicotine mg.
Vantage	11	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7
True	5	0.4
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05

This same report confirms of all brands, Carlton Box to be lowest with less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine.



**LOWEST... Less than
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine. Soft Pack and Menthol:
1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. (U.S. Report May, 78)



Under the watchful eye of Dr. Hugo Verbruggen, the team physician, Pleasant Valley's varsity files out at halftime

American Scene

In Pennsylvania: Trying to Make Football Injury-Free

The sun has just dropped behind the Pocono Mountains, its afterglow silhouetting plain wooden bleachers rapidly filling with fans. The Palmerton, Pa., high school band struts along the end zone, then turns smartly down the visiting team's sideline toward a roped-off section behind their players' bench. On the near side of the field, the band for Pleasant Valley High is already in place, alternating Sousa with the theme from *Rocky*, while cheerleaders flash blue and white pompoms. Five candidates for Pleasant Valley Homecoming Queen wait with feigned casualness in a special section, shyly grinning escorts at their sides. Just as it should be, the smell of burning leaves hangs in the cool air.

It is a perfect night for football. These are archrivals, the Palmerton Blue Bombers vs. the Pleasant Valley Bears, and they are contending before a homecoming crowd. At the kickoff the ball sails up, disappears in the darkness beyond the reach of the lights, then drops suddenly into view. A Palmerton deep back streaks to it, and is promptly buried under a swarm of blue jerseys.

The game's opening quarter is a mish-mash of mistakes. The two teams play Alphonse and Gaston with turnovers, swapping fumbles and interceptions four times. Finally, Palmerton settles down and scores. Pleasant Valley's head coach, Tony Caracio, paces the sideline, trailing assistant coaches in his wake as he wigwags signals to his defensive unit. Pleasant Valley fans sit in miserable silence. At times the only sound is the popping of shoulder pads and the grunt of linemen.

But a tall, gray-haired man in rimless glasses standing by the Pleasant Valley bench smiles happily. He is Hugo Ver-

bruggen, M.D., Ph.D., fellow of the American College of Surgeons and of the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons, a distinguished doctor who acts as team physician to the Bears because his son once played football with them. Dr. Verbruggen sees the game of football from a slightly different perspective. "It rained a few days ago," he remarks. "The field has dried out enough for good footing, but the ground is still nice and soft. You don't get as many injuries in these conditions."

If Verbruggen is proved right, that will make the game unusual, if not here, at least in the U.S. in general. Injuries—the annual toll of broken bones, torn ligaments, concussion and, occasionally, paralysis or death—are football's current shame. This fall, a million high school boys will be injured playing football. Most will suffer minor muscle pulls, others will walk the rest of their lives on aching knees. A few will die. While Pleasant Valley and Palmerton are playing in Pennsylvania, a 16-year-old boy in Oklahoma dies of head injuries en route to the hospital during halftime. If anything, the damage is worse in college and pro ball. Before this season ends, 70,000 players from 900 colleges will be injured. And in the National Football League the official injury rate is 100%.

Dr. Verbruggen, who took over as team physician two years ago, believes clean play can cut injuries dramatically. "My favorite play is an incomplete pass," says he. "Nobody ever gets hurt in high school on an incomplete pass because there's no hitting. In the pros, receivers get pounded whether or not they catch the ball." Racking up the empty-handed receiver is just one practice in the NFL.

that angers and frustrates Verbruggen and Pleasant Valley's coaches, because it invites imitation. Spearing (the vicious ramming of a downed player with the hard-shell helmet), late hits, chop blocks, open taunts and intimidation are regular fare on Sunday-afternoon TV. Says Assistant Coach Gary Bruch: "We're out there five days a week trying to teach high school kids to be good sports, working on the right ways to tackle and block. Then they go home and watch television, and what do they see? Pro players dancing in the end zone and spiking the ball to humiliate opponents, spearing, taking cheap shots."

One way to correct that kind of example and avoid injury is strict rules, strictly enforced. New rules for high school football in Pennsylvania call for automatic ejection for spearing, but coaches and players say referees either rarely see spearing or else fail to enforce the rule. Other ways to reduce physical damage at Pleasant Valley, thanks largely to Verbruggen, involve careful medical check-ups and new and better ways of conditioning. "We don't even do traditional calisthenics any more," says Head Coach Tony Caracio. "One of the drills—walking 20 yds on the inside of your feet, then 20 yds on the outside to build ankle strength and flexibility—looks so weird that we're embarrassed to do it before a game, where people can see us. But we haven't had any ankle injuries since Doc told us to try it."

The Bears do, indeed, forgo the mining ankle exercise this night. But a visitor also notices that the rest of their pregame ritual would be more familiar to Mikhail Baryshnikov than Don Meredith. Pairing off to use one another's backs as

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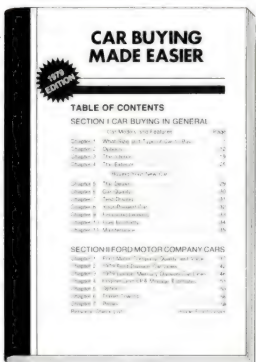
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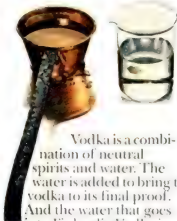
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American Scene

ballet bars, they stretched and flexed their legs, loosening hamstring and groin muscles that are always vulnerable to injury. In slow, progressive steps, they worked kinks out of their necks and backs. A perfunctory round of jumping-jack hops is the only recognizable survivor from football calisthenics past. "The wrong kind of exercise can cause injury," Verbruggen notes. "Deep knee bends alone are all right, but those duck-walks you always see teams doing will tear more cartilage in the knee than any game."

Palmerton rolls up two more touchdowns, taking advantage of its average 25-lb. weight advantage on the line and a new razzle-dazzle shotgun formation. Palmerton's big fullback drags tacklers along like reluctant dance partners. Unable to earn a first down, the Bears are forced to punt again and again. Dr. Verbruggen shakes his head and looks grim. "See No. 24 there," he says. "He's going to hurt his hand. He's cold, and he's rubbing them between every play. That means he can't coordinate them well, and he'll end up jamming a finger or getting stepped on." True to prediction, Defensive Back Alan Johnson's right hand is raked by a cleat. At halftime, Verbruggen has to treat him for a bruise and deep scrape. Johnson's hurt hand and a lineman's



Verbruggen treating a player's hand
Bad examples from the pros on TV.

bruised leg are the only injuries during the first half. Trailing 19-0, the team clumps into the school cafeteria. Nobody mentions bruises, but the coaches spot trouble and call Verbruggen. "I get tremendous cooperation from the coaches. Sometimes they don't let a kid play even after I think he's fit. I agreed to be team physician on the condition that my word was final in keeping a boy out. But I never expected to have trouble getting a kid in."

In the second half, Pleasant Valley controls the game, driving inside Palm-

erton's 20-yd. line, but fails to score. Late in the third period, a touchdown pass is called back when an official spots an ineligible receiver downfield. "We need a touchdown," Dr. Verbruggen growls. But he wants the Bears to score for a special reason. "When kids get discouraged, their reflexes aren't sharp. They run at somebody halfheartedly. That's when they get hurt. It's even worse with younger kids. If it were up to me, I would eliminate all pee-wee and junior high school football. If you break or damage the growth plates of the bones at that age, the boy could end up with one arm or leg shorter than the other."

Pleasant Valley has another touchdown nullified by a minor penalty, but in the game's closing seconds, a third touchdown pass by the Bears' 140-lb. sophomore quarterback stays on the scoreboard. The final score: Palmerton 19, Pleasant Valley 7. Yet it is not until Dr. Verbruggen follows the Bears into the locker room and makes a final check on the night's bumps and bruises that he is sure all his conditioning has paid off. There are no injuries that won't pretty well heal over the weekend. "Football is a game that can be played hard and well without injuries," says Verbruggen as he closes his black bag. "Tonight I'm happy."

—B.J. Phillips

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ONE OF THESE CAMERAS WAS MADE JUST FOR YOU. HERE'S HOW TO TELL WHICH ONE.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And you have good reason to wonder, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

Of course, what you pay for your camera is important. But it shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are very expensive cameras

and shoot simplicity. The difference is in the kind of creative control you get.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture-priority* camera. It lets you set the lens opening, while it sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many professional photographers believe that depth-of-field is the single most important

the lens opening automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic camera. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.



Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.



that won't give you some of the features you really need. So before you think about price, ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both make use of advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus

factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject for creative effect. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Without a doubt, automation makes fine photography easier. But if you're willing to do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures that are every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What should you expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder? The finder should, of course, give you a clear, bright view of



Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

Specifications subject to change without notice

your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. All Minolta SLR's have bright viewfinders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And with a Minolta there's never a question about focusing. You'll find focusing aids in every Minolta 35mm SLR viewfinder that make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed viewfinder. Minolta believes that you should never have to look away from the finder in order to make camera adjustments. So everything you need

to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, there are two pointers which come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

If you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing, an auto winder may be for you. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two pictures per second. And they give you advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be combined with any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for correct flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder tells when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36

flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands and responds to your commands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.



The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.



The electronic viewfinder: light emitting diodes tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Controls are oversized and positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And the electronically controlled shutters in these advanced automatic cameras are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

Are extra features important?

If you're going to use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient.

Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can select from a number of special features. For instance, some models let you take multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). Other available extras include a window to show that film is advancing properly, a handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using, and a self-timer that delays the release of the shutter

so you can get into your own pictures.

What about the lens system?

Just about every 35mm SLR has a lens "system." But it's important to know what the system contains. It should be big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today.

There are almost 40 interchangeable lenses available for Minolta SLR's, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the smallest 500mm lens in the world. And since interchangeable lenses should be easy to change, the

patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you remove or attach them with less than a quarter turn.

What's next?

After you've thought about how you'll be using your camera, ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Handle the camera for yourself. Examine its features and the way Minolta has paid close attention to even the smallest details. And by all means, compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

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TIME NOV. 20, 1978

COVER STORIES

"Got Your Message"

In a quirky mood, worried about money, the voters turn conservative

The desperate last-minute appeal somehow symbolized the whole tumultuous campaign year. There, in a 30-second television commercial, was the usually dapper and composed Senator Charles Percy of Illinois looking haggard and close to tears. Staring straight into the camera, the onetime presidential aspirant implored millions of unseen viewers: "I got your message and you're right. Washington has gone overboard, and I'm sure that I've made my share of mistakes, but your priorities are mine too. Stop the waste. Cut the spending. Cut the tax."

The voters got Percy's message too. He was saved from the brink of defeat and returned to the Senate. He had belatedly discovered what most candidates had learned much earlier in the campaign. If they wanted to get elected, they had better propose some kind of cut in taxes or spending or both. The American people had soured on costly government and demanded relief — now. That was, as much as any, the message of last week's off-year elections.

It was not, however, an easy election to decipher. Gone were the sharp, divisive ideological issues that had enlivened and embittered previous campaigns. Foreign or defense policies, for example, were seldom brought up. If there was a national consensus to do something to resist high taxes, spending and inflation, that could be called, in traditional terms, conservative. But the voters' antigovernment mood appeared more cautious than many prophets had predicted. The mood instead seemed quirky, dissatisfied, independent. While some notable liberals like Senator Dick Clark of Iowa were defeated, so were some right-wingers like Governor Meldrim Thomson of New Hampshire, and in a few states, like Massachusetts, people voted for both sides at once. Worries about widespread apathy also seemed to be exaggerated, though people turned out to vote in somewhat small-

er numbers than usual (see chart page 35).

While there were many individual changes, last week's voting did not substantially alter the political lineup. The party in power usually suffers some reverses in off-year elections. But the Democrats, moving quickly and adroitly to exploit popular dissatisfaction with their own economic policies, kept losses to a

The Republicans did even better in state government. They won six additional governorships, giving them 18 out of the 50. Perhaps even more important, they gained 298 seats in the state legislatures, far more than the 200 they expected to win. They now have 2,699 seats out of a total 7,562. They achieved a majority in 13 additional chambers and increased

from four to twelve the number of states where they control both houses. "This is the most profound change for us," said Brock. He was relieved because state legislatures will redistrict after the 1980 census. If the Republicans had not made considerable gains, they might have been gerrymandered to near oblivion. In 1976, it is estimated, the Republicans won 42% of the total congressional vote but captured only 33% of the seats in the House. Now Republicans figure that they are at the mercy of redistricting Democrats in only 20 states.

The Democrats, despite their many victories, were not pleased with the results. On election night, Jimmy Carter's White House aides cheerfully cloistered themselves in Press Secretary Jody Powell's cluttered office to watch the returns. By midnight, their mood had changed. When Demo-



Supporter hails victory at Virginia Senator-Elect John Warner's party in Richmond. A system with "a party and a half" becomes "a party and three-quarters."

cratic National Committee Chairman John White emerged, he looked harassed and talked dully. Hamilton Jordan slammed a door against TV cameras. The normally chatty Jerry Rafshoon had nothing to say. Political Coordinator Tim Kraft looked in need of an Alka-Seltzer. The President, who had been privately watching the returns with Rosalynn, did not even appear. At a press conference in Kansas City two days later, he remarked laconically, "I think the Democrats did fairly well on a nationwide basis. But we lost some very key races."

For the President, the numbers of party victories were less troubling than the particular winners and losers. Potentially strong Republicans had captured a total of 159, the Democrats have 276.

minimum and remained in solid control of both houses of Congress. They stayed in command of 32 statehouses and both houses of at least 29 state legislatures. But the Republicans scored significant gains, showing that the endangered party can still make a comeback. When G.O.P. National Chairman Bill Brock was jokingly asked if the U.S. political system could be described as "a party and a half," he replied, "It's one and three-quarters." Brock added "We will go into 1980 stronger than we were in 1976."

The G.O.P. achieved a net gain of three Senate seats, giving it 41 members to the Democrats' 59. In the House, the Republicans picked up twelve seats for a total of 159, the Democrats have 276.



Voters taking last-minute look at political ads as they go to polling place in Boston
"The Republicans set the agenda, but the Democrats dominated the dialogue."

key governorships: Richard Thornburgh in Pennsylvania, William Clements in Texas, Lee Dreyfus in Wisconsin. Republican Jim Rhodes remained in control of the Ohio statehouse, and Bill Milliken was re-elected Governor of Michigan. Perhaps most threatening of all, Jim Thompson won re-election in Illinois by 600,000 votes—demonstrating that he is a moderate Republican with broad appeal in a big industrial state. He has not denied that he might run for President in 1980. Said Thompson: "The Republican Party has come alive again in its traditional seat of power, in the Midwest where it was born."

Nor could Carter take pleasure in all of his own party's winners. California Governor Jerry Brown, who defeated Carter in three primaries in 1976, was re-elected by a whopping 1.3 million votes, though the turnout was modest. The landslide gave him a strong boost toward a 1980 presidential bid.

Vice President Walter Mondale suffered a stunning slap in the face in his native state of Minnesota, which has long been considered a liberal stronghold.



Telephone pole in Boston covered with posters promoting tax referendum. Below: filling the voting booths in Portland, Me.

There, amid the fractious squabbling of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party, the G.O.P. scored a major sweep. Despite numerous visits and pep talks by Mondale, despite two trips to the state by the President, the voters turned the Democrats out of the governorship and both Senate seats. In a rueful post-mortem, a shellshocked Mondale concluded: "I shouldn't have told them to do it for Hubert Humphrey and me, but to do it for themselves."

Presidents are rarely the central issue in off-year elections, and Carter was no exception. He admitted at his televised press conference last week: "I doubt my presence had much of an impact on the outcome of those who won. I don't look on it as a referendum on whether I have done a good job or not." Until his success at Camp David, Carter was generally considered a liability, and there was little demand for his help in campaigns. In the 31 states he has visited, he turned out crowds, aroused some excitement and drummed up publicity for the candidates. But an ABC News/Harris analysis of 104 swing districts indicated that the President had no measurable influence in the districts he visited. But then neither did Ted Kennedy, Ronald Reagan or Gerald Ford. Coattails, which never mean too much in an off year, seemed especially threadbare.

Carter's problems with Congress will undoubtedly be increased by the rightward shift among the incoming legislators. Again, the numbers are less important than the individual changes. The President lost five key liberal supporters in the Senate: Clark of Iowa, Thomas McIntyre of New Hampshire, William Hathaway of Maine, Floyd Haskell of Colorado, Wendell Anderson of Minnesota. As head of the African Affairs Subcommittee, Clark was a strong backer of the Administration's policy of pressuring the white powers in southern Africa to grant black majority rule. He was defeated by Conservative





California Governor Jerry Brown waving to supporters in Los Angeles after election victory

Republican Roger Jepsen, who made a campaign issue of his opponent's foreign policy. Senator McIntyre, a member of the Armed Services Committee and a provisional supporter of SALT II, will be replaced by former Airline Co-Pilot Gordon Humphrey, who opposes SALT and says he plans to be the "biggest skinflint" in Washington. Haskell and Hathaway were two of the most liberal members of the Senate Finance Committee. A few mainstream liberals were elected to the Senate: Bill Bradley in New Jersey, Paul Tsongas in Massachusetts, Carl Levin in Michigan, Donald Stewart in Alabama. But they do not have the experience or the seniority to replace the members who were defeated.

The conservative Republicans, on the other hand, have been strengthened in Congress, especially in the Senate. Some new right-wingers (Mississippi's Thad Cochran, Colorado's Bill Armstrong, Jepsen and Humphrey) have swelled the ranks of the old (North Carolina's Jesse Helms, Idaho's James McClure, Texas' John Tower and South Carolina's Strom Thurmond). With the defeat of Edward Brooke in Massachusetts, the Senate's only black, the waning power of the liberal Republicans has been reduced even further. Their only gain is Bill Cohen, who was elected in Maine. Led by Nevada's Paul Laxalt, the conservatives have become a formidable force in the Senate, one capable of blocking key Carter initiatives.

In the 95th Congress, Carter was able to count on the occasional, indispensable services of Minority Leader Howard Baker. Without Baker, the Panama Canal treaties would not have been ratified, the Turkish arms embargo lifted or the three-way Middle East weapons sale approved. But Baker may no longer be able to come to the aid of the President. No sooner were the election results apparent than conservative Republicans started plotting to take over at least some of the leadership positions in the Senate, including a chal-

lenge by Helms for on-floor leadership. Taking no chances, Baker dashed back to Washington to phone other victorious Republicans and ask for their support to continue as minority leader. He claims that he lined up 33 votes, far more than the 20 he needs to keep his post. But to maintain his leadership, he will undoubtedly be maneuvered to the right. "It's a new ball game," says a moderate Republican Senator. "It doesn't take much to change things around."

If the President chooses to concentrate on thrift and budget cutting during the second half of his term, he may have only minimal difficulties on Capitol Hill, and it could be argued that the disappearance of both liberals and some conservatives has put the Democrats more in line with Carter's personal position. But if Carter tries to push new spending programs or controversial foreign and de-

fense policies, he is bound to face more flak from the 96th Congress than he did from the disruptive 95th. That applies particularly to the Strategic Arms Limitation treaty, for even Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd has misgivings about the pact.

The G.O.P. gains would probably have been greater if the party had exploited the economic issue more skillfully. A Republican issue of long standing, it was simply appropriated by the Democrats. "The Republicans set the agenda for the campaign," says Political Consultant Mark Shields. "The Democrats dominated the dialogue." Many Republicans campaigned on the Kemp-Roth plan to cut federal income taxes by 33% over three years; the measure is based on the theory that a sharp tax reduction would generate enough business activity to make up for the lower rates. Even though voters want tax reductions, they were skeptical of a scheme that sounded so much like a free lunch.

Some of the most prominent overpromisers went down to resounding defeat. In the New Jersey Senate race, Jeff Bell, perhaps the most avid proponent of Kemp-Roth, was beaten by former Basketball Star Bill Bradley, who proposed more modest tax cuts. Perry Duryea, the G.O.P. candidate for Governor of New York, promised to increase welfare grants and reduce taxes at the same time. The victorious incumbent, Hugh Carey, refrained from any such foolishness. In Arkansas, Bill Clinton, 32, was elected the nation's youngest Governor, even though he vowed to ask for a tax increase if a referendum reducing the state sales levy on food and drugs was approved. It was not.

Though 80% of the referendums imposing limits on taxes and spending in 16 states were approved by the vot-



Massachusetts Senator Edward Brooke at headquarters in Boston on day of his defeat
In the increasingly conservative Senate, one insider foresaw "a whole new ball game."

ers, two that were modeled after California's celebrated Proposition 13 were rejected. In Michigan, voters said yes to a measure limiting state spending to the increase in state personal income, but they turned down a proposal to roll back property taxes roughly 50%. Moderation, even in tax cutting, seemed to be the voters' message. After surveying the results, Bill Brock started backing away from Kemp-Roth. As an alternative, he proposed "son of Kemp-Roth," a scheme devised by Democratic Senator Sam Nunn to tie tax reductions to cuts in spending.

The election marked the further erosion of the two-party system. Ticket splitting was rampant. Unpredictable, independent-minded voters gave Republican Milliken a third term in the Michigan statehouse but ejected G.O.P. Senator Robert Griffin. In Kansas, Republican Governor Robert Bennett was ousted by Democrat John Carlin. But Republican Nancy Kassebaum coasted to an easy victory over her Democratic opponent, Bill Roy, and thus became the only woman to serve in the Senate at the present time.

In general, candidates seemed to win on the basis of local issues and services they had or had not provided.

For all the talk of an anti-incumbent year, not too many were turned out of office. Most Representatives who left Congress quit of their own accord. Of 377 incumbents running for re-election to the House, only 19 lost their seats.

Much more than before, candidates were financed from nonparty sources. Under the revised campaign finance law, a candidate can spend as much as he wants of his own money. Not surprisingly, a lot of millionaires ran for office, and most of them won. Otherwise, funds were supplied in abundance by the political action committees (PACs) that have proliferated under the campaign finance law. Formed by business, labor and a host of other special interest groups, PACs had contributed more than \$60 million at the mid-point of the campaign, as compared with spending a total of \$23 million in the last presidential election. There were some signs of a backlash against the growing influence of the PACs. Wisconsin Governor-elect Dreyfus singled them out for special obloquy in his ramblingly quipsopulist campaign against the special interests.

More money than ever was spent on television, and since the candidates' appearance on TV was a decisive factor, more political amateurs were encouraged to run. The new U.S. Senate has a large freshman class of 19, and seven of these have never before held any elective office. The concentration on television had the additional effect of drying up much traditional grass-roots activity and limiting get-out-the-vote efforts



New Jersey Senator-Elect Bill Bradley celebrating with supporters at party in Secaucus

on Election Day. "Maybe some innovative candidate will dream up grass roots again," says Judy Baker, a Democratic activist in Fairfield, Calif. Indeed one has. Victor Atiyeh, Republican candidate for Governor of Oregon, proved that the old methods can still work their wonders. Considered an underdog in his race against Democratic Governor Bob Straub, he avoided television, logged 40,000 miles in a door-to-door campaign and won an upset victory.

Trying to assert their individuality and freedom from party ties, candidates resorted to a variety of gimmicks. For some of them, running for office meant

literally that. Massachusetts Governor-elect Edward King ran several miles every day at dawn. Paul Tsongas had squads of campaign workers running for him; then, in red shorts, he joined them for the last two-mile lap to Faneuil Hall for the windup of the campaign. To show he is perfectly fit at 76, Strom Thurmond kept sliding down a pole in a firehouse in South Carolina. For the most part the carelessly touted John F. Kennedy look was out; more formality was in. Frank Collazo Jr., who worked for 20 years in the oil refineries around Port Arthur, Texas, wore jeans when he successfully ran for the state's house of representatives two years ago. This year he donned pinstripe suits and conservative ties in his uncontested reelection campaign.

For all the new freedom of maneuvering, certain rules still applied. Though there were countless personal attacks in an election that lacked major issues, dirty tricks seemed to be at a minimum. In a radio ad, Democrat Alex Seith tried to associate his opponent, Charles Percy, with a scurrilous joke that former Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz once told about blacks, even members of Seith's own party told him he had gone too far. When Democratic Senator Hathaway tried to portray his opponent, Bill Cohen, as a contrivance of the media, the Republican responded with a TV ad showing his own slick self being splattered with mud by his opponent. The commercial is credited with giving Cohen a final boost to victory. Beneath all the showmanship, the confusing verbiage, the mounds of money, voters in their own instinctive way managed to discern the more credible candidates. In all their variety, the freshly elected officeholders are undoubtedly an accurate reflection of the current American mood.



Texas Senator John Tower getting haircut on election day. The roused Kennedy look was out, formality was in.

Nation



Illinois Governor Thompson, his wife and infant daughter celebrating his re-election

A Toss-'Em-Out Temper

In the Midwest, the G.O.P. scored some big victories

From Ohio to Nebraska, voters were grumpy over high taxes and governmental waste. They cast their ballots against the status quo and turned out of office three Senators and three Governors. As a result, Republicans made some significant gains, and where Democrats managed to prevail, they tended to be conservatives.

The most stunning shift occurred in Minnesota, usually one of the most liberal states in the nation, where Republican victories jolted the long dominant Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party (see box). Of significance elsewhere for the political future were the solid gains made by Republicans in a number of state legislatures. The G.O.P. went into the election controlling both houses of legislature in only two Midwestern states (South Dakota and Nebraska) but won enough victories to take over both chambers in four additional states: Iowa, Kansas, Indiana and North Dakota. In influential Illinois, Republicans made strong gains in both houses of the legislature, only narrowly missing control.

One of the most impressive Republican winners was Illinois Governor James ("Big Jim") Thompson, who defied the region's anti-incumbency trend to win reelection by some 600,000 votes. His feisty Democratic opponent, State Comptroller Michael Bakalis, failed to find any effective way of attacking Thompson, who had kept his 1976 election promises to cut spending, balance the state budget and hold down taxes.

Running hard to pile up a big

vote, Thompson stumbled badly on just one issue. He was so eager to capitalize on the tax revolt that he sponsored a non-binding "Thompson proposition," asking voters whether they wanted to put a limit on both spending and taxes in the state. Underestimating the difficulty of rounding up the necessary 589,000 petition signatures in a hurry, Thompson put the pressure on political aides to deliver—and they wound up compiling names of some

Wisconsin's Dreyfus addressing a whistle-stop rally



voters who had never seen a petition. Bakalis responded by crying fraud, but to no avail.

After his win, the easygoing Thompson promised more of the same solid, if unspectacular, leadership during his second term that he provided during his first two years in office. He brushed aside inevitable speculation about a possible presidential candidacy in 1980. Said he: "Before anybody runs for President, he'd better have the makings of a President. He must demonstrate the qualities and abilities to be President." Thompson clearly hopes to do just that in his next two years as Governor.

Kansas Republicans achieved the historic feat of sending the first woman to a full term in the Senate without any help from a husband's previous political career.* To be sure, Nancy Landon Kassebaum, 46, did not hide the fact that she was 1936 Presidential Candidate Alf Landon's daughter, no handicap in Kansas despite Landon's humiliating loss to F.D.R. But she proved a candid and outgoing campaigner, and her fresh personality meshed neatly with the voters' yearnings for change. Her opponent, Democrat Bill Roy, a physician and lawyer, had run unsuccessfully for the Senate before and had been prominent long enough in Kansas politics to take on the aura of an oldtimer.

But distant and aloof Kansas Republican Governor Robert Bennett, never really popular in his state, fell victim to the widespread voter unrest. He was upset by Democrat John Carlin, 38, speaker of the state's house of representatives.

Wisconsin's image as one of the more liberal states was transformed by Republican Lee Sherman Dreyfus, 52, chancellor of the University of Wisconsin at Stevens Point, who was seeking office for the first time. He unseated Acting Governor Martin Schreiber, 39, a career politician. Yet Dreyfus, who describes himself as a maverick in a populist mold, saw no ideological portent in his victory. He was elected, he said, "not because of what I was, but because of what I was not. I was beholden to no one, backed by no special interests and had no debts." In Iowa, the voters' toss-'em-out mood benefited Conservative Republican Roger Jepsen, who upset Liberal Democrat Dick Clark.

Despite the clear conservative tilt in the Midwest, voters sometimes went the other way in their desire to shake things up. In Michigan they chose Democrat Carl Levin, 44, former president of the

*Kassebaum is the 14th woman Senator. Seven were appointed to office. Three were elected to succeed their husbands. Two others, Gladys Pyle and Hazel Able, served only to fill short-term vacancies. Margaret Chase Smith had previously been elected to succeed her late husband in the House.

Detroit city council and a party regular, over Republican Senator Robert Griffin, a skillful parliamentarian and his party's Senate whip. At the same time, Michigan's voters stuck with an able Republican Governor, William Milliken, 56, despite a harsh campaign against him by Democrat William Fitzgerald, who even blamed Milliken for a public scare over Michigan farmers' use of the controversial pesticide PBB. Replied Milliken during the campaign: "It's a terrible thing to ponder to people's fears." He finally won with 57% of the vote—his largest win in three elections.

Many of the other incumbents who survived the turn-out tide did so only after sobering close calls. In one of the Mid-

west's most expensive Senate races, Illinois' Moderate Republican Charles Percy had to use some \$450,000 of his own money to fend off the challenge of Democrat Alex Seith, a lawyer who spent \$750,000 of his and his wife's funds on his campaign. Running behind in the polls, the frightened Percy made a novel last-minute plea with TV ads saying that he had gotten the message all right. But he added: "If you don't vote for me, I won't be around to act on it." Enough voters rallied behind Percy to give him a 245,000-vote edge, but the margin did little to enhance his standing among colleagues in the Senate or his presidential ambitions.

Another shaky Republican winner was Ohio's James Rhodes, 69, who has

served nonconsecutively as Governor for a total of twelve years. Articulate, handsome Democratic Nominee Richard Celeste, 41, Ohio's Lieutenant Governor since 1974, threw Rhodes on the defensive by charging that the Governor had allowed the state's public schools to slip into near bankruptcy. Rhodes campaigned so hard that he had to rest during the closing days. In the end he won by only 49,109 votes out of 2,839,000 cast. He called this "a landslide," and in a sense it was. Four years ago Rhodes had mistakenly conceded defeat on election night, and then, next morning, discovered that he had won by 11,414 votes.



Demise of Hubert's D.F.L.

It was the house that Hubert built. Thus there was a certain historical tidiness when, in the first election since Humphrey's death, Minnesota's Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party came tumbling down. The coalition had produced two Vice Presidents and three presidential candidates (Humphrey, Eugene McCarthy and, briefly, Walter Mondale) and dominated top state offices for some 20 years.

But this year, without Humphrey's personal buoyancy to keep its diverse elements happy, the D.F.L. let its natural factionalism run wild and handed the G.O.P. its sweetest sweep anywhere in last week's election. Republicans seized both of Minnesota's seats in the U.S. Senate, took over the Governor's mansion and loosened the D.F.L.'s grip on the state legislature by gaining a tie in its lower chamber.

The D.F.L. was, in a sense, a victim of its own success. It began to falter when once popular Governor Wendell Anderson resigned in 1976 and was immediately appointed by his former Lieutenant Governor, Rudy Perpich, to the Senate seat vacated by Mondale, who had moved into the vice presidency. Anderson's impatient act of self-promotion was resented by many Minnesota voters. Then Perpich appointed Muriel Humphrey to fill the remainder of her husband's term. That meant the state's three top offices were being held by members of the D.F.L. who had not been elected to those positions.

The D.F.L. might have survived its own overambition. Though Anderson made little impact in the Senate, Humphrey wisely decided not to seek a full Senate term this year, and the colorful Perpich began emerging as an able Governor. But without Hubert's healing hand the party fell into a fatal primary fight. Robert Short, a millionaire businessman-sportsman (truck-firm operator, former owner of the Minneapolis—now Los Angeles—Lakers and the Washington Senators), challenged a Humphrey protégé, liberal Congressman Don Fraser, for the nomination to Humphrey's seat and won the primary in an upset. Despite pleas for unity from Mondale, the party refused to rally behind Short, who was regarded by many party workers as too much of a maverick and too conservative.

The D.F.L.'s labor faction endorsed Short only after a

heated floor fight at a convention of the Minnesota AFL-CIO. The party's executive committee, dominated by liberals and academics, refused to back him. The D.F.L.'s feminist caucus actually campaigned against him because of his antiabortion and anti-Equal Rights Amendment views. Other liberals paid for newspaper ads denouncing Short's opposition to national health insurance and environmental-protection laws. When Jimmy Carter went to Minnesota and urged a Democratic rally to support Short, the President was loudly booed. Predicted a gloomy Perpich just before the election: "Short is going to take all of us down with him."

He did indeed. D.F.L. voters abandoned their party in large numbers, and Short was trounced in the Senate vote by Republican David Durenberger, 44, a Minneapolis lawyer. Durenberger's margin was some 400,000 votes. Anderson was defeated by Rudy Boschwitz, 48, a lanky Jewish émigré from Nazi Germany and millionaire founder of a Midwestern chain of stores selling home-construction and remodeling materials.



Minnesota's winning Republicans Boschwitz, Quie and Durenberger

Attacking Anderson's frequent and unexplained absenteeism in the Senate, Boschwitz campaigned effectively, charging: "First Anderson appoints himself to the job and then he doesn't show up for work." Boschwitz won by more than 200,000 votes. Perpich ran a closer race but lost his Governor's office to veteran Republican Congressman Albert

Quie, a moderate who earned a reputation as one of the G.O.P.'s most effective legislators in his ten terms in the House.

While justifiably proud of their victories, the Republican winners conceded that they had been helped by their opponents. "The D.F.L. didn't know how to act without Humphrey," observed Senator-elect Durenberger. But he predicted: "It's going to take a few years for the D.F.L. to react to the loss of Hubert, and then it will be back." Republicans nonetheless had reason to savor their good fortune. One of the cheeriest of all was former Governor Harold Stassen, the boy wonder of Minnesota politics in 1938, before his party was routed by Humphrey's D.F.L. Vowed the never-give-up Stassen: "We are going to rebuild the Republican Party in Minnesota." Stassen, 71, was so buoyed by his old party's rebirth that he promptly announced he would run again for the presidency in 1980, his seventh such campaign.



Nation

Down with Corruption

In the East, the Democrats hang on, but lose a big one

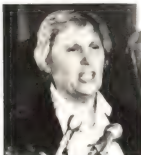
The industrial Northeast has long been a pillar of the Democrats' national strength. The party maintained that stronghold in last week's election, despite some important Republican victories. One issue that tilted a number of races was resentment of widespread statehouse corruption.

Outgoing Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp's administration has been ridden by indictments and resignations. So when fellow Democrat and former Pittsburgh Mayor Pete Flaherty, 54, decided to run, he made a show of his independence of the Governor and of the entire state Democratic organization. That wasn't enough. A former U.S. attorney in Pittsburgh, Richard Thornburgh, 46, an underdog in the gubernatorial race, staged a comeback in the final weeks to defeat Flaherty by more than 200,000 votes.

In Philadelphia, the campaign to amend the city charter to permit Mayor Frank Rizzo to seek a third term also rebounded against Flaherty. Democrat Rizzo, whose campaign had strong anti-black overtones, angered many Philadelphians. They voted 2-to-1 against the mayor and in the process failed to give Flaherty the necessary margin to offset Thornburgh's advantage elsewhere. The Republican victory in the gubernatorial race is important, since it gives control of a populous Eastern state.

As if to prove the wisdom of Philadelphia's refusal to give Rizzo a chance at another term, a federal grand jury last week heard charges that his administration was responsible for the failure of perhaps hundreds of voting machines, most of them concentrated in anti-Rizzo wards. One of the city's election commissioners, Margaret Tartagione, a Rizzo supporter, was arrested for having ordered voting machines in other anti-Rizzo districts moved away from regular polling places.

In neighboring Maryland, the state Democratic administration had also been scarred by corruption. The Governor himself, Marvin Mandel, was found guilty and forced out of office. One of his cabinet members, Transportation Secretary Harry Hughes, 51, quit in May 1977 in protest against an attempt to meddle with Baltimore subway contracts. Hughes, once so obscure that he was described as "a lost ball in long grass," in September upset Mandel's successor, Acting Governor Blair Lee III. Last week, Hughes' fresh face was too much for for-



Grasso victorious

mer Republican Senator J. Glenn Beall Jr., who had difficulty explaining why he had accepted campaign funds in 1970 from an illegal fund-raising operation organized by the Nixon White House. Hughes buried Beall 71% to 29%.

New York's incumbent Governor Hugh Carey, 59, with a scandal-free and creditable record as the state's chief executive, trailed his silver-haired

Republican opponent, Perry Duryea, 57, until the final weeks of the campaign. Duryea then refused to disclose fully his personal finances and to make public his tax returns. While no improprieties were charged, Carey hit hard on the issue and found the electorate in no mood to tolerate secrecy in such matters.

Even though Carey was perceived by many voters as remote and cranky, he piled up a quarter-million vote plurality over Duryea. After the results were in, Carey vowed to do something about his personality problem: "I announce that I will not be aloof, alone, remote, inaccessible and grouchy, or any of those things. Tonight I shall embark on a new campaign." He quickly left for a vacation in the Bahamas with Anne Ford Uzielli, the 35-year-old daughter of Henry Ford II, amid speculation the two would marry.

Ella Grasso, 59, also had some problems with her prickly personality. But her record of fiscal austerity prevented Republican Congressman Ronald Sarasin

Uzielli and Carey: personality change



from making a believable antispending pitch to Connecticut voters. She defeated Sarasin easily and will remain one of the country's two women Governors. (The other is Washington's Dixy Lee Ray.)

While Massachusetts Senator Edward Brooke's personal and legal problems were dooming him to defeat, voters installed another new face, Democrat Edward J. King, 53, as Governor. One of the most conservative Democrats elected anywhere outside the South, King had trouble getting support from Bay State liberals, and received only the most lukewarm endorsements from Ted Kennedy and Jimmy Carter. But King had the advantage of running with Thomas P. O'Neill III, 34, who was seeking the lieutenant governorship and who happens to



Richard Thornburgh in Pittsburgh

be the son of Tip O'Neill. Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives. With the Speaker's help and with heavy support from blue-collar voters, King beat Republican blueblood Francis W. Hatch Jr., by more than 100,000 votes.

Ultraconservative Governor Meldrim Thomson Jr., 66, has dominated New Hampshire politics for three successive terms. In league with powerful right-wing Publisher William Loeb, Thomson has kept the Granite State free of both a sales tax and a personal income tax, the only place in the nation where neither levy is imposed. But this year, shortly before the election, 80,000 utility bills were mailed out across the state with a special surtax to pay for the controversial Seabrook nuclear power plant. Thomson had refused to veto a bill prohibiting that special charge and was suddenly cast as a less vigilant opponent of added taxation than his opponent, Democrat Hugh Gallen. An independent candidate, former Republican Governor Wesley Powell, drained some 12,000 Republican votes away from the Governor, contributing to Gallen's 10,400-vote victory margin and helping to end Thomson's rule.

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Nation

Money, Money, Money

In the South, the President's blessing is not worth much

Jimmy Carter, a product of the progressive politics that infiltrated the South in the '60s, harbors a strong desire to rid his region of old-guard conservatives and Nixonian Republicans. High on his hit list in this election were three of the most conservative Republicans: John Tower of Texas, Strom Thurmond of South Carolina and Jesse Helms of North Carolina. All faced strong challengers who received personal help from Carter. And all three Republicans won.

But Democratic senatorial candidates in the South were able to lose even without Carter's help. Former Virginia Attorney General Andrew Miller never invited Carter in, though the President was willing. He lost by a slim margin to former Navy Secretary John Warner, thus casting Elizabeth Taylor in yet another role, Senate wife. In Mississippi, Thad Cochran became the first Republican Senator in almost a century, partly because the black vote was split between Democrat Maurice Dantin and independent Black Civil Rights Leader Charles Evers.

Democrats also lost two hotly contested gubernatorial races. Carter stumped for wheeler-dealer Banker Jake Butcher in Tennessee, but he was upset by Republican Lamar Alexander, who walked 1,000 miles across the state to conquer his reputation for aloofness. Texas activist Attorney General John Hill, who had toppled Governor Dolph Briscoe in the Democratic primary, eschewed Carter's help. But he too was upset, by Oilman William Clements.

Do these Democratic defeats mean a Southern repudiation of the first President from the Deep South since the Civil War? Not really. But they do emphasize the rebirth of the two-party system in the once Solid South.

The G.O.P. breakthroughs were mostly individual. As in the rest of the country, elections in the South did not generally turn on party lines or the President's popularity. Perhaps because local taxes tend to be lower in the South, there were also fewer manifestations of the tax-cut issue. In fact there were few issues at all: attention seemed to focus on such trivial things as, in Texas, a spurned handshake (Senator Tower's public rebuff to Democrat Robert Krueger) and, in Virginia, a famous wife.

While candidates across the South repeatedly denounced high government spending, they were less critical of campaign spending. The old Confederacy was awash with money, much of it from the candidates' own deep pockets,



Texas Governor-elect Clements

A Trumanesque pose after a costly victory.

Thirty years ago, Clements founded an oil-drilling firm that made him one of Texas' richest men. He guaranteed loans of \$4.2 million in his massive, \$6.4 million campaign for Governor. Said he: "The spending was totally necessary because unlike a career politician, I had an identification problem." His elaborate phone banks reached 17,000 voters a day and seemed to bring out every Republican for the election. Consequently, tour guides at the Austin statehouse will no longer point to the portrait of Edmund Jackson Davis, who was elected in 1869, as the state's last Republican chief executive.

Similarly, Alabama Democrat Forrest ("Fob") James, who parlayed a sporting goods empire into a personal fortune, used \$2 million in his successful primary bid

and then coasted to victory in the race to succeed George Wallace.

The Florida Governor's race pitted two lavish campaigners against each other. Democrat Robert Graham, a millionaire Miami Lakes land developer and dairyman, spent \$2.6 million. His Republican opponent, Jack Eckerd, who built a burgeoning chain of drugstores that bear his name, vowed to spend "whatever it takes" and ended up with a \$2.9 million campaign, \$2 million of which was his own. But Graham dispelled his wealthy Harvard image with a well-publicized series of 100 one-day stints at blue-collar jobs across the state. He won with a surprisingly large 56% of the vote.

The biggest spending of all was done by ultraconservative Helms in North Carolina, whose \$6.7 million was a record for a Senate race. His opponent, John Ingram, a friend and populist protégé of Carter's, raised less than \$300,000 and sought to make an issue of the fortune that Helms received from fellow conservatives around the country. Said he: "Helms is the six-million-dollar man and he's not even bionic." It did not work.

But money was not a sure road to victory. Like Clements and James, Tennessee's Butcher had never held elective office, and he used a lot of his own money in his \$4.5 million bid for his state's governorship. But his finances became a campaign issue: he was criticized for his dealings with Georgia Banker Bert Lance and for his hotshot banking practices. His campaign spending also became an issue. Charged Republican Alexander: "Citizens of this state won't let Jake Butcher buy the Governor's office." He was right.

One of the most interesting aspects of this year's Southern elections, and the most encouraging for the Democrats, is the emergence of fresh faces. Perhaps the brightest new light is Arkansas' William Clinton, a Yale Law School graduate and Rhodes scholar, who at 32 will

be the nation's youngest Governor in 40 years. He worked on the McGovern and Carter campaigns and used his tenure as attorney general to fight for consumers. He is an anomaly for both Arkansas and 1978. He said he might ask for a state tax increase if food and drugs were exempted from the sales tax; his wife is an ardent feminist who uses her maiden name, and he is a competent jazz saxophonist. He looks like a Kennedy and even breaks his campaigning for impromptu touch football games. Along with Alabama's James, 44, Florida's Graham, 42, and South Carolina's Richard Riley, 45, he is part of a drove of Democrats who have infused fresh blood into Southern Governors' mansions and who may some day—it has happened before—be important on the national scene. ■



Florida's Graham in one of his 100 jobs

Discover the delightful differences of our full-bodied red wines.

At The Christian Brothers Napa Valley winery we are in no hurry to make our red wines. We have found that only patient cask-aging brings out the individual characteristics of the shy-bearing premium red wine grapes. Then, our own way of blending allows us to produce wines with continuity of taste. Each time you open a bottle from our cellars, you will enjoy all of the



quality that The Christian Brothers name promises. Our California Burgundy is an excellent value. This fine, dry red table wine has a full, delicious flavor and is a good choice to serve with almost any red meat. It is equally at home with spaghetti, lasagne, or any of the hard yellow cheeses.



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The hillside vineyards above our Napa Valley Monastery are planted with the rare Pinot Saint George grapes used to produce one of our Estate Bottled wines. It is exceptionally full-bodied with a smooth finish, a wine to serve with special meals.

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Brother Timothy J.S.C.
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Nimble Crisscrossing

In the West, the main winner was Jerry Brown

The biggest winner in the West last week was, in a sense, California's Democratic Governor Jerry Brown. With his stunning 1.3 million-vote victory over G.O.P. Challenger Evell Younger, the state's attorney general, Brown greatly enhanced his stature as a politician with national clout and national aspirations.

But Brown's popularity was not enough to keep voters in California, as in the rest of the West, from crisscrossing nimbly from one column to another. Although they generally ignored party labels, they followed a consistent theme: they rewarded candidates who favored conservative issues such as limits on government spending, tax cuts and tougher law enforcement. It was the G.O.P. that profited most from this trend. Altogether, Republicans in the region netted one additional seat in the U.S. Senate, three in the House of Representatives and two governorships.

The voters' swerve to the right was especially dramatic in Oregon's gubernatorial contest. After more than two decades as a citadel of liberalism, the state unexpectedly ousted Bob Straub, 58, a Democrat, and voted in Republican Victor Atiyeh, 55, a conservative state senator. But Oregon's voters were as inconsistent as those elsewhere. They re-elected Mark Hatfield, a perennially popular G.O.P. liberal, to a third term in the Senate.

Atiyeh, the son of Syrian immigrants, will be the nation's first Governor of Arab descent. In a vigorous grass-roots campaign, he traveled 40,000 miles, relentlessly calling for tax relief for homeowners. Straub apparently misread the antitax mood until very late in the campaign. Said

Atiyeh after his victory: "I think the phrase from the movie *Network* covers what I've been hearing during this campaign: 'I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it any more.'"

This conservative leaning was apparent in most of the other Western races in which offices changed hands. In Colorado, Republican Congressman William Armstrong denied Democrat Floyd Haskell a second term in the Senate. Compared with the vigorous Armstrong, the courtly, soft-spoken Haskell sounded unconvincing when he vowed to fight inflation and cut taxes. Similar issues in Nevada buried Lieutenant Governor Robert Rose, who tried to keep the governorship in Democratic hands after Incumbent Mike O'Callaghan retires at year's end. Republican Attorney General Robert List handily defeated Rose, again by calling for tax cuts.

The conservative trend, however, had limits: extreme rightists ran into trouble. Thus liberal Democrat Dick Lamm hung on to his job as Colorado's Governor by defeating archconservative Ted Strickland. In New Mexico, a Democratic moderate, Bruce King, beat archconservative Joe Skeen for the governorship.

In California, the key to Brown's victory was his success in convincing voters that he was, as he put it, a "born-again tax cutter." This was a self-deprecating, tongue-in-cheek reference to his original opposition to Proposition 13, the tax-slashing referendum that Californians overwhelmingly approved in June.

After the measure passed, Brown demonstrated his dazzling ability as a political alchemist by transforming adversi-

ty to advantage. He completely reversed field to champion the antitax drive. He froze state hiring and wages and signed a \$1 billion tax cut. Complained State G.O.P. Chairman Michael Montgomery last week: "The Democrats stole the antitax issue before we had a chance to really pick it up and run with it."

Brown won big almost everywhere. He polled 85% of the Democrats' votes and 55% of those cast by independents. Even Republicans gave him 24% of their ballots, and he piled up commanding margins over Younger in conservative bastions like Orange and San Diego counties. He did especially well in ethnic communities, winning support from 79% of the Hispanics, 94% of the blacks and 69% of the Jews.

Brown ran particularly hard because his popularity had plunged in the wake of his original opposition to Proposition 13. He outtalked, outtraveled and outspent (\$4 million vs. \$3 million) Younger. The generally bland challenger tried to persuade voters that the frugal 40-year-old bachelor Governor had a "strange" life-style. But Brown managed to convince Californians that he was politically more astute than Younger, 60, who has held public office for the past 25 years and had lost none of his six previous election campaigns. Despite his political experience, Younger committed a number of blunders. The most serious may have been his going off to Hawaii on a long vacation immediately after his primary win. This enabled Brown to dominate the political scene back home and grab the campaign initiative.

Brown's victory was a lonely landslide. Despite his impressive majority, he failed to carry many other Democrats into office with him. Three-term Congresswoman Yvonne Brathwaite Burke, a nationally respected black, was defeated in her bid for attorney general by Republican State Senator George Deukmejian. Also quashed was the re-election bid of Brown's running mate, Democratic Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally. Partly because Dymally was tainted by rumors of a pending indictment for corruption, Brown kept away from him until the campaign's final week. By then it was too late to prevent Michael Curb, a conservative Republican, from capturing the state's second highest office.

Brown last week ritually declined to say whether he will become an active presidential candidate. Said he "I'm not locking anything in, not locking anything out." If he does decide to run, his remarkable showing last week should make it a lot easier for him to raise a war chest for the costly primary campaigns. In some respects, Brown already sounds like a national political leader. Surveying the election results, he urged his fellow Democrats to cut government costs "to make our words match reality."



Nation

New Faces in the Senate

An athlete, a spare-time poet and a famous daughter

Bill Bradley, 35, was no flashy superstar as a New York Knicks basketball forward. He was no intellectual whiz kid as a Rhodes scholar. But on the court and in college, the son of a Republican banker in Crystal City, Mo., proved steady, persistent—and successful. His political career in New Jersey has begun the same way. In campaigning as a Democrat for the U.S. Senate, Bradley was not eloquent, inspirational or innovative. But he studied the issues, plugged away with a left-of-center pitch and barely stopped to sleep. Aided by his well-known name

congressional campaigns. He won last week in a three-way race against Democratic Attorney Maurice Dantin of Columbia and Independent Mayor Charles Evers of Fayette, a black. Son of a retired public school principal, Cochran has been an achiever all his life. Eagle Scout, high school valedictorian, student body vice president at the University of Mississippi, honors graduate of the Ole Miss law school. Before running for Congress, he practiced law in Jackson. In the Senate, he hopes to land a seat on the Agriculture Committee, where he wants to protect

cal assets. A conservative on money matters, he appealed across party lines to knock Democratic Incumbent William Hathaway out of office. Cohen is expected to prove especially forceful in arguing for party positions in the Senate when he sides with them, but firmly independent when he does not.

Nancy Landon Kassebaum, 46, was four years old when her father Alf was crushed by F.D.R. in the 1936 presidential election. Yet even after Nancy became old enough to understand what had happened, her love of politics remained undimmed. Last year, after helping to raise four children and being legally separated from her husband, a Wichita lawyer, she made her first bid for major political office, starting near the top by running for the U.S. Senate. The petite (5 ft. 2 in.) Kassebaum campaigned at first in a soft-spoken, gentle manner but quickly picked up the tempo against former Democratic Congressman Bill Roy. She wound up strong-spirited and refreshingly frank, telling Kansas farmers that their demands for 100% of parity on crop supports were unrealistic and inflationary. She told women's groups that she favored the Equal Rights Amendment but was against extending the time limit for its ratification. She told teachers' groups that she opposed a separate U.S. Department of Education. She supported the Panama Canal treaties, which were unpopular in Kansas. Speaking from her experience as a former aide to retiring Kansas Senator James Pearson, she contends that the Senate is a bloated "bureaucracy in itself," loaded with too many staff people who isolate Senators from their constituents.

Carl Levin, 44, made a name for himself as president of the Detroit city council in the early 1970s by taking on the federal bureaucracy—and winning. He did so by deciding to tear down thousands of abandoned houses that had been taken over by the Department of Housing and Urban Development and had become breeding grounds for crime. When HUD's lethargic officials threatened to prosecute Levin and Mayor Coleman Young, the two city officials ordered the housing razed anyway—and HUD did nothing. Challenging Republican Senator Robert Griffin this year, Democrat Levin again campaigned against overgrown government. Yet he never recanted his basically liberal philosophy, bridging the gap by claiming: "People aren't against every government program; they just want their money's worth." A graduate of Swarthmore College and Harvard Law School, Levin is a member of a highly active political family. His older brother Sander twice ran unsuccessfully against Michigan Governor William Milliken, and cousin Charles Levin sits on the Michigan Supreme Court. Levin expects to spend much of his time in the Senate attacking governmental waste and inefficiency. ■



Sensors-Elect Cochran of Mississippi, Kassebaum of Kansas and Cohen of Maine, with his wife Diane.

and voters' distrust of Republican Nominee Jeffrey Bell's advocacy of the Kemp-Roth 30% tax-rate cut, Bradley won. Two days after his victory, he was back pounding streets and visiting plant gates to thank people for their votes. Despite his lack of natural political abilities, Bradley could become a successful Senator by applying this same kind of diligence to his new duties in Washington.

Thad Cochran, 40, the first Republican Senator from Mississippi since 1881, is as rigidly conservative as his Democratic predecessor, six-term Senator James Eastland. In three terms as a Congressman, Cochran ran up a 95% voting approval rating from the American Conservative Union and a zero approval rating from the liberal Americans for Democratic Action. Cochran has a boyish charm and is an easygoing, relaxed campaigner. He has consistently drawn votes from both parties and run up increasingly large winning margins (as high as 78%) in his

Mississippi farmers from increased imports of beef and dairy products.

William Cohen, 38, first broke into the national scene as the young Congressman from Maine whose boyish face registered his anguish during the House Judiciary Committee's televised debates over the impeachment of Richard Nixon. Deftly turning phrases (Cohen has published a book of poetry, *Of Sons and Seasons*), he explained that circumstantial evidence was enough to support a vote of impeachment. "Conspiracies are not born in the sunlight," he said. "They are hatched in dark recesses, amid whispers and code words." A former Bowdoin College basketball star who frequently quotes from the Latin classics, Cohen still carries that same image of youthfulness and intelligence. His style and elevation to the Senate make him one of the G.O.P.'s brightest new stars. Moreover, in the age of TV, his stunning blond wife Diane and two handsome teen-age sons are also politi-

HOW TO PROTECT THE PAINT ON YOUR CAR

GRAVEL, SUN, INDUSTRIAL POLLUTION, AND ROAD SALT CAUSE MOST PROBLEMS.

Where you live and where you drive will determine the kind of problems you could have.

If you drive on gravel roads or roads with a gravel shoulder, you can avoid nicks and scratches by increasing the distance between your car and the car in front of you. Tires, as you probably know, can pick up small stones and "fling" them out at great velocity. If you're too close to the car ahead, the sharp stones will hit your grillwork and fenders very hard. Increase the distance, and the stones lose their velocity and fall back to the ground before your car hits them.

In areas of the country where the sun is very strong, some color change may occur over time unless you protect your car from direct sun. Parking in the shade is a good idea, and using a garage or some form of carport will help to minimize the sun's effect not only on the paint, but on the interior trim, as well.

Damage from industrial pollution is a problem in a few places. You can help protect your car's finish from these pollutants by keeping your car in a garage.

Road salt is extremely corrosive and can literally eat through paint and metal. So if you live in an area where salt is used extensively, wash your car frequently. Don't forget to rinse the underside of the car, too, where salt tends to collect. If you take it to a commercial car wash, remember, if they use recycled water, it may contain salt.

We do recommend that you wax your car regularly. Use a wax that is also a cleaner or use a separate cleaner to remove accumulated dirt and salt. The wax will serve as a protective coating that can help to preserve the finish.

But no matter what you do to protect your car's finish, some nicks and scratches are unavoidable. For the sake of your car's appearance and to avoid rust problems, buy some touch-up paint from your GM dealer or a local supplier. It comes in small quantities, and you can apply

it yourself in a minute or two. While the paint never looks as good as when the car was new, the touched-up spot will look better than a nick, and the metal will be protected from exposure.

Our goal at GM is to paint cars so that they look just great and really keep their looks. And we are trying to do so in a way that is energy-efficient, environmentally sound, and not harmful to the health of the people who do the painting. It's a tall order, but GM can do it. We're doing it now.

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Nation

And the Senate Bids Farewell

To a liberal, a conservative and its only black

Edward Brooke, 59, the only black ever popularly elected to the U.S. Senate, was regarded at first as a shoo-in when he sought a third term. But last week the Massachusetts liberal Republican lost his seat to Democratic Congressman Paul Tsongas, 37.45% to 55%.

Brooke's defeat does not fit the pattern of conservatives beating liberals. In his twelve years in the Senate, Brooke voted regularly for labor, minorities, consumer protection and a host of other orthodox liberal causes. But Tsongas is

to Republican Roger Jepsen, 49, a Davenport businessman, 48% to 51%.

Telling voters that "this time the choice is clear," Jepsen had hit hard at Clark's liberal record. The Democrat was denounced for being pro-union and for backing costly Government social-welfare programs, gun control and the Panama Canal treaties. He paid dearly for his liberal stand on abortion. Right-to-life groups distributed hundreds of thousands of brochures that depicted a fetus and urged votes against Clark. Said a Jep-

nouncing, in the spring of 1977, that he would not seek re-election, he began playing hooky from his Senate job, missing 216 roll calls that year. When he later changed his mind and entered the race, his dismal attendance record haunted him, even though he previously had a well-deserved reputation as a Washington workhorse. Exclaimed Levin repeatedly during the campaign: "If any one of us missed 216 days of work in a year, we'd be fired!" Michigan voters agreed.

Floyd Haskell, 62, was described by Jimmy Carter as "a national treasure." But Coloradans disagree. By a 59%-to-41% vote, they rejected Democrat Haskell's try for a second U.S. Senate term and in his place elected G.O.P. Congressman William Armstrong, 41.

During his six years in the Senate, Haskell did little to capture public attention. In 1976 he was one of the leading critics of Ford Campaign Manager Howard ("Bo") Callaway for trying to influence Government policies to benefit a Colorado ski area owned by Callaway's family. This year Haskell sponsored legislation that would have set up a new Government agency to regulate imports of sweeteners, and thus benefit Colorado's sugar beet growers by, in effect, raising domestic sugar prices.

Haskell's contest with Armstrong was along clear-cut liberal-conservative lines. Haskell never found a way to overcome charges that he favored Big Government and opposed tax cuts and key defense measures. During one debate, Armstrong pointed a finger at his opponent and declared: "Inflation is double digit again and it is caused by Senator Haskell."

Thomas McIntyre, 63, has been pulverizing ultra-rightist opponents in New Hampshire since his first election to the Senate in 1962. But last week, in a stunning upset, Democrat McIntyre was ousted. By 49% to 51%, he lost his Senate seat to conservative Republican Gordon Humphrey, 38, a co-pilot for Allegheny Airlines.

McIntyre was an extremely cautious Senator, hesitating before opposing the White House even when it was in Republican hands. On the Armed Services Committee, he supported military aid to Saigon during the Viet Nam War. But he also favored trimming expensive new weapons programs like the Navy's Trident missile.

As in the past, McIntyre this year relied almost exclusively during his campaign on radio, print and personal handshaking, but not TV, which may have been his most serious blunder. He also erred in feeling that voters would view this race in the same way that they had his earlier elections as a challenge by a dangerous extremist. But unlike McIntyre's earlier opponents, the attractive aviator did not come across as a radical. This apparently was enough to prompt moderate Republicans to return to the G.O.P. ■



Shown clockwise from above: Senate Losers Thomas McIntyre of New Hampshire, Dick Clark of Iowa, and Robert Griffin of Michigan

even more to the left and in fact drew large numbers of Democrats and independents who previously had backed Brooke.

What doomed Brooke was the odor hanging over his personal affairs. Not only did he go through a highly publicized divorce, but he was also accused of failing to report to the secretary of the Senate a loan that he had listed in a financial statement to his wife's lawyers during the divorce proceedings. Still pending is an investigation by Massachusetts officials of a possible \$72,000 Medicaid fraud involving his late mother-in-law.

Dick Clark, 49, observed "Liberalism is kind of hunkered down right now. It's on the defensive." That was on the eve of his bid for a second term as U.S. Senator. The following day the Iowa Democrat, one of the Senate's leading liberals, learned how right he was. He became a casualty of the conservative trend, losing

sen aide: "Inflation and taxes really were the overriding things. People are just tired of them."

Robert Griffin, 55, to his dismay, bucked the voting trend. Michigan's G.O.P. Senator was one of the nation's few conservative incumbents to be defeated by a liberal. In his bid for a third Senate term, he lost (47% to 53%) to Democrat Carl Levin, 44, the former president of Detroit's city council.

As Republican Senate whip from 1969 to 1977, Griffin divided his time between tending to housekeeping chores and fighting on the floor for partisan causes. He led a successful fight to block President Johnson's nomination of Abe Fortas as Chief Justice in 1968. Two years ago, Griffin deftly managed Gerald Ford's nomination over Ronald Reagan at the Republican National Convention.

But it was a major political blunder that undid Griffin last week. After an-

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New Maytag Jetclean™ Dishwasher out-cleans 'em all.

Gets the dishes you wash most
cleaner than other leading brands.

New styling adds a smart touch to your kitchen.

Who else but the dependability people could build a dishwasher this great for you?

We believe the new Maytag Jetclean™ Dishwasher could be the standard by which all the others must be judged. Here are some of the reasons why:

1. Cleaner dishes for your family. In the regular cycle, this new Maytag gets dishes *cleaner* than other leading brands. Also unsurpassed for getting pots, pans, even casseroles clean.

2. It dries your dishes better than ever, thanks to exclusive new Maytag **Powerdry** which circulates air throughout the dishwasher. Most models let you dry with or without heat, saving electricity.

3. Its new styling and smart colors can sparkle up your kitchen. You can also personalize your Maytag by buying a Custom Trim Kit that lets you cover the front panel with fabric, wallpaper, plastic, wood, even stainless steel.



4. We put 10 pounds of sound-absorbing insulation all around the new Maytag Jetclean™ Dishwasher.

5. Maytag gives you cycles for every dishwashing job. Take your choice—built-in or convertible.

6. Loading and unloading couldn't be easier, because we've still got two deep racks, top and bottom. Exclusive Maytag **Dual Deep-Racking** lets you put 10" plates in both racks. Even big, odd-shaped things fit right in.



Hoo-boy. Nobody builds 'em like Maytag.

7. The capacity is huge. You can probably wash a whole day's dishes, silver, glasses, pots and pans for a family of four in one load.



8. The new Maytag Jetclean™ Dishwasher has the tested, exclusive Maytag **Jetwash** spray. Compare with others in the picture above. See? Smaller holes in Maytag Jetwash mean high-velocity water jets with tremendous dish-cleaning power.

9. You also get the tested, exclusive Maytag **Micro-Mesh™** Filter. The small holes in Maytag's filter trap even tiny food particles...won't let them get back on your dishes.

10. Of course, the new Maytag Jetclean™ Dishwasher is built as only the dependability people build 'em...to take it, and keep on taking it. Before you buy any dishwasher, compare at your Maytag Dealer's store. Buy now and save \$25 with the certificate below.



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Buy a new Maytag Jetclean™ Dishwasher now, and get a \$25 refund directly from The Maytag Company. Mail this certificate, plus a bill of sale from your Maytag Dealer showing date of purchase, model number, and serial number, to: **The Maytag Company, Box 69, Newton, Iowa 50208.** Offer good only on new models WU900, WU700, WU500, WU300, WU100, WC700, WC300. This certificate may not be mechanically reproduced and is not transferable. Good only in U.S.A. and Canada. Void where prohibited by law. Limit: one refund per dishwasher purchased, regardless of certificate source.

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The Year of the Loner

Cash and computers change the political process

It was the year of the loner, and especially the year of the rich or well-financed loner.

Money, computers, polls and image makers continued to change the face of American politics into something that would have been unrecognizable to the candidates of even a few years ago.

Because of a Supreme Court interpretation of the 1974 campaign finance law, individuals are not limited in terms of the amount of their own money they may spend on an election. This has led to a proliferation of very rich candidates.

In Manhattan's silk stocking district, William Green, an heir to the Grand Union supermarket chain, retained his seat in Congress by defeating Democrat Carter Burden, a scion of the Vanderbilt family. The pair spent \$850,000 on the race, about half from their own fortunes, seeking a job that pays \$57,500 a year.

Although the new rules have stopped the huge fat-cat giving of the past, the rich have other ways of affecting political campaigns. They can contribute up to \$5,000 to any of the 1,828 political action committees (PACs), which in turn can hand that sum on to candidates. Corporations, by soliciting their employees and stockholders, can form PACs too. Since the mid-'70s, companies and their trade associations have formed some 1,200 of these committees. PACs contributed more than \$60 million to the 1978 election campaigns for the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives alone. The apparent impact thus far has been not to strengthen conservatives as such but simply to strengthen incumbents, since the PACs tend to give to officeholders who offer

some political clout in Congress. Despite highly visible turnovers in Congress, 96% of the House members were returned to Washington.

Even candidates with no serious opposition get PAC money. Chicago Representative Dan Rostenkowski, for example, received more than \$69,000 because he happens to chair a subcommittee dealing with health problems. His contributors included the American Dental PAC, the American Medical PAC and the Oral and Maxillofacial Surgery PAC.

New direct-mail techniques advanced by George McGovern in 1972 have enabled fund raisers to reach prospects classified according to their feelings about specific and often emotional issues. The undisputed champion of this technique is Richard Viguerie who last year raised \$30 million for anti-abortion, anti-gun-control, anti-ERA and other activists.

The computer has changed not only the way politicians campaign but also the way they raise money. Incumbents often keep detailed lists on their own computers and can send mailings to constituents who feel strongly about one issue. Detailed opinion polls subjected to computer analysis enable challengers to find their opponents' weaknesses and plan their own stands accordingly. Democrat Alex Seith did that in Illinois, and then ran as more conservative than Republican Moderate Senator Charles Percy. He might have beaten Percy except for last-minute reaction to some of his tactics, such as a radio advertisement implying that Percy is a racist.

Along with the computerized attitude

study, the modern candidate often hires a top-flight image maker, who concocts an advertising campaign selling whatever he finds voters are buying. "The new Democratic chairman of New York is David Garth," says Sidney Frigand, once an aide to former Mayor Abraham Beame. Garth is the campaign consultant who masterminded Governor Hugh Carey's victory, as well as several other Democratic campaigns.

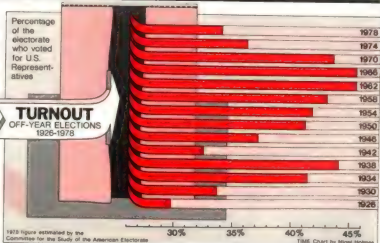
Garth's Republican counterpart is John Deardourff, who worked unsuccessfully for Carey's opponent but helped win eight races in seven states. Deardourff estimates that television now claims 60% to 70% of most candidates' funds and that costs for such advertising time have escalated 50% in the past four years. "There is no better way to spend money," he says. Television lets candidates reach large numbers of people easily, but even Deardourff acknowledges that "it turns people into spectators rather than participants." This feeds voter lack of interest and contributes to the eroding of party affiliation.

Taken together, the money, the media, the managers and the computers may be turning American politics into a strangely lonely process. Candidates now buy what they need, pick their positions knowing in advance what is popular, and then spread those views widely on television and selectively by direct mail. Vanishing are the hosts of volunteers, the massive get-out-the-vote operations, and the need for help from established party organizations.

Fortunately, this wizardry doesn't always work. In Michigan, for example, Democrat Carl Levin was outspent 2 to 1 and was slightly more liberal than the computerized polls would have told him to be, but still won by almost 150,000 votes over two-term Incumbent Robert Griffin.

The Silent Ones

Americans' unwillingness to vote has long been something of a scandal, and last week's election drew the lowest percentage of the electorate for a nonpresidential election since World War II. An estimated 34% of eligible voters went to the polls, as compared with 36% in the off-year election of 1974 and 43.5% in 1970. Experts attribute the latest decrease to the lowering of the voting age to 18. Because young people move frequently, they often fail to register for the relatively unexciting congressional elections. Aside from this indifference, some non-voters argue that the major parties often offer no choice. Columnist Abigail McCarthy, who is separated from Eugene, said last week: "Voting has become the finale in an empty ritual, an act of piety."





Woman's Work

Fewer in the House, but more in state jobs

For most women congressional candidates, it was a dismal election week. One, Nancy Landon Kassebaum of Kansas, was elected to the Senate, but the two women who are already there are leaving: Muriel Humphrey of Minnesota and Marjorie Allen of Alabama. Forty-five women ran for Congress, but only 16 won election, two fewer than in 1976.

Still, there were some bright spots. Women increased their total of seats in state legislatures from 703 to 761 and doubled their numbers in lieutenant governorships to six. In Maryland, women won half of the state's eight seats in Congress. Republican Marjorie Holt and Democrats Gladys Spellman and Barbara Mikulski were re-elected, while Democrat Beverly Byron won the seat vacated by the death of her husband. Other notable women candidates last week included:

► Democrat Geraldine Ferraro, a former assistant district attorney running for Congress from the New York borough of Queens, beat Republican Alfred DelliBovi by ten percentage points. She campaigned on the issues of crime, neighborhood deterioration and help for the elderly.

► Olympia Snowe, a G.O.P. state senator in Maine, won election to Congress by taking a conservative stance on fiscal issues and hiking 450 miles through her rural district to meet the voters. She outlegged Democratic Secretary of State



Geraldine Ferraro in Queens

Voting for a woman is still an issue

Nation

Markham Gartley by eight percentage points.

► Two-term Democratic Representative Martha Keys of Kansas once had a twelve-point lead in polls over conservative Republican Jim Jeffries. But right-to-life adherents ganged up on her, and others doubted her ability to combine her marriage to Indiana Representative Andrew Jacobs with representing Kansas. Said Jeffries: "Martha doesn't shop here any more." She lost by 48% to 52%.

► Virginia Shepard, a wealthy Democrat, lost her race for Congress in Georgia when Republican Opponent Newt Gingrich, a former college professor, accused her of condoning welfare cheating and being out of touch with average voters. Said one newspaper: "If elected, she will be apparently leaving her four young children at home to be reared by the servants."

► Democrat Jane Eskind, who ran a foredoomed race in Tennessee against Republican Senator Howard Baker, still managed to get 464,000 votes, more than any other woman in the state's history. "We have women in the courthouse, city hall, mayor's chair and state legislature," says Eskind. "But I think voting for a woman for national office is still an issue in Tennessee." Indeed, it is in most states.

Taxes No, False Teeth Yes

Verdicts of the referendums

Voters were making laws last week as well as choosing lawmakers. On the ballots of 38 states were hundreds of referendums, giving voters an opportunity to speak out on a variety of issues.

Tax and government-spending questions dominated the plebiscites. Almost everywhere, the antitax forces won. Idaho and Nevada placed constitutional ceilings on property taxes, and Arizona limited state spending to 7% of its residents' total personal income. Texans not only cut property taxes by about \$500 million, but also barred their legislators from increasing outlays faster than the state's economic growth. Massachusetts overwhelmingly approved a complex measure designed to prevent sharp boosts in residential property taxes. Declared Arizona State Senator Ray Rottas, the G.O.P. sponsor of his state's winning proposal: "The message is simple. Taxpayers want rampant spending brought under control."

Indeed, the antitax spirit often seemed strong even where measures were technically defeated. Michigan voters refused to okay a 50% rollback in property levies, but approved a modest limit on state spending. Tax relief failed in Oregon, but only because voters split their support almost equally between two antitax amendments, as a result, neither polled the simple majority required for passage. Only in Nebraska, Colorado and

Maryland were antitax and spending proposals clearly rejected.

Homosexuals won key ballot victories in two Western states. Californians followed the advice of civil liberties groups and conservatives and rejected Proposition 6, which would have enabled local school boards to fire teachers who are gay or who advocate homosexuality. Said Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley: "It was a measure against not just the rights of gay teachers but the civil rights of us all." In Seattle, voters retained a law that bars landlords and employers from discriminating against homosexuals. But in Florida, Miami-area voters refused to endorse a gay rights bill.

Voters generally were in no mood to bet on gambling. New Jersey refused to permit wagering on jai alai, Virginia nixed parimutuel betting on horse races, and Florida balked at allowing casinos along Miami Beach. More permissive was California's attitude toward smoking. Partly swayed by a campaign of \$5.3 million by tobacco companies, Californians solidly rejected Proposition 5, which would have banned smoking in most public places. In Montana the drinking age was raised from 18 to 19, and in Michigan it jumped from 18 to 21.

Law-and-order won on a number of ballots. California, for instance, made more types of murder punishable by death, and Oregon reinstated capital punishment for premeditated murder. But perhaps the referendum with the most bite was in Oregon. There voters approved an attempt to cut dental bills by allowing the state to license anyone with six months' training to fit and sell false teeth.



A Californian protests tobacco lobbying. Oregon had the issue with the most bite.



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Nation

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Winning Was the Only Thing

One main theme of this election was the burden of Government. Jimmy Carter is smiling. He has been concerned with that problem rather earnestly for months. He plans now to increase the voltage of his assault on spending and excessive Government regulation.

If there was a characteristic shared by the successful candidates, it may have been hard work. For the Washington incumbents, every weekend back home. Dawn-to-dawn traveling, handshaking, exhorting by the challengers.

Jimmy Carter should find good company among these men and women. He works at his desk, at play, maybe even in his sleep.

This might be called the Vince Lombardi election—winning was the only thing. Behind the eyes of the triumphant candidates burns the apparent conviction that the world cannot go on without them. They spent more, walked more, advertised more, paraded more than any others before them. (Is any Senator worth the \$6.7 million that Jesse Helms spent?)

Again, Carter is in tune. His own quiet determination in achieving the presidency allowed no thought of failure. Winning was his life. He committed family, fortune, health.



H.L. Mencken, who assailed "frauds and scoundrels"

Politeness may be a grace note rising above some of the mudslinging in the election of 1978. In California, Texas and Illinois, to name only three, the contenders ravaged each other. But in Massachusetts, Paul Tsongas refrained from assailing Edward Brooke on his personal problems. That rare restraint may have been the margin and the way to the Senate.

Carter brought his own brand of courtesy to the White House from the first day, when he turned around on the Inaugural stand to thank Gerald Ford for helping to heal the nation. It has saved him many a time from total rejection.

In short, what happened across this broad country last week seems to reinforce the emerging political and personal outlook of the President. Maybe the labels did not change much, but the men and women have. Carter included.

The White House even now is making plans to invite the new/old Congress down for orange juice and Coke. The mood may portend that the President and Congress are coming closer, though that should not for a minute hold out bright hopes for an easy time in Government. Democracy remains ornery.

The desperation quality to this campaign may mean few laughs for the next two years. Men who consider themselves indispensable rarely are, but it is no laughing matter. We may also be in for even more political show business. Image was not everything, but it was bigger than ever, a thought Jimmy Carter enlarged once he got in the White House. Tote bags, T-shirts, red vests, scissors to cut red tape, calluses from work, playing a corpse in a college play, sliding down a fire pole—all were margins used by individual candidates in last week's relentless victories. Gerry Sikorski, the fellow who plastered red and blue signs on nearly every fence post and telephone pole along the two-lane highways in his Minnesota district, lost. The thought of the cleanup may have beaten him.

What we miss for this part of the great plebiscite is the services of H.L. Mencken to write about the *Carnival of Buncombe*, to lay about him in good humor over the "rogues and vagabonds, frauds and scoundrels" who pump "stale bilge" around this "lugubrious ball." But even a man of such laser eye as Mencken confessed that after damning politicians uphill and downdale for years, a certain faith in the process kept re-emerging and he looked to politicians "to be able, diligent, candid, and even honest." That is a tall order, but one suspects that we will all be at it again in the next couple of months.

Rascals Return

Post-post-Watergate morality

For a brief period in the 1970s, beginning with the expurgation from Government of the Watergate gang, Americans flirted with the idea of demanding personal morality in high places. That rush to morality may be ebbing.

Charles Diggs, for 24 years a Congressman from Detroit, and a founder of the House's black caucus, was convicted last month on 29 counts of mail fraud and misappropriation of Government funds. Though eleven of the twelve jurors who convicted him were black, Diggs implied to his constituents that he was being persecuted by white justice. Last week he was re-elected with 80% of the vote.

Daniel Flood, 74, the former Shakespearean actor who has represented the district around Wilkes-Barre, Pa., for 30 years, was indicted last month for taking more than \$60,000 in bribes for using his influence with federal agencies. His constituents sent him back to Congress with 54% of the vote.

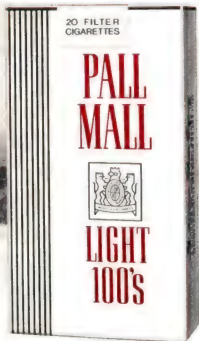
Frederick Richmond, a wealthy white manufacturer of stereo components who represents a black and Hispanic area of Brooklyn, confessed to offering money to a 16-year-old black male youth for sex. Richmond works hard for his district, however, and uses his wealth for charitable activities there. He won re-election by beating a field of three other candidates.

California Congressmen Charles H. Wilson and Edward Roybal were reprimanded by the House last month for not reporting, as required, \$1,000 gifts from Koreagate's master briber, Tongson Park. Hispanic Leader Roybal's supporters used Diggs' line of defense: suggesting that he was getting harsh treatment because of his ethnic background. He and Wilson were handily re-elected.

Not everyone got off, however. Congressman John McFall, reprimanded with his two California colleagues for taking Tongson Park's gifts, lost. So did Philadelphia Congressman Joshua Eilberg, indicted for taking legal fees to help secure federal funds for a local hospital. Former Senator and Watergate Committee Member Edward Gurney of Florida, who was accused but acquitted of taking bribes for Government favors and lying to a grand jury, was defeated in a race for the House. And Florida Congressman Herbert Burke, charged with resisting arrest, disorderly intoxication and trying to influence a witness after an incident in a nude go-go club, was turned out of office.

The election nonetheless could provide hope of another chance for every sinner. Former Congressman Wayne Hays, employer of the premiere nontyping secretary, Elizabeth Ray, won election last week to the Ohio general assembly with 52% of the vote.

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Time Essay

The Decline of the Parties

The men who do the work of piety and charity in our churches... the men who own and till their own farms... the men who went to war... and saved the nation's honor... by the natural law of their being find their place in the Republican Party. While the old slave owner and slave driver, the saloon keeper, the ballot box stuffer... the criminal class of the great cities, the men who cannot read or write, by the natural law of their being find their congenial place in the Democratic Party.

A Massachusetts Senator (Republican) named George F. Hoar arrived at that triumphantly self-satisfied formula toward the end of the 19th century. The delineation suggests what political parties used to be in the U.S. The labels were, for one thing, descriptive: a man who called himself a Democrat embraced impulses, assumptions, leaders and even a culture very different from those of the man who called himself a Republican. The political parties functioned in a sense like secular churches, with doctrines and powers of intercession, with saints, rites, duties, disciplines and rewards. From wards to White House, the parties were crucial to the way the country worked. The old Tammany boss Carmine De Sapio remembered hauling coal as a young party errand boy to keep families of voters from freezing in the winter. A millionaire political boss like Mark Hanna could install William McKinley as President.

Today the parties have virtually collapsed as a force in American politics. This fall's campaigns were emphatic confirmation of a trend that has been at work for a decade or more: the draining of energy and resources away from the parties and into a sort of fragmented political free-for-all. The extent of the political transformation can be seen in the extravagant use of television, which more than any other single factor has cut loose candidates from their parties and allowed them to inject themselves directly into the constituent consciousness: individual packaging instead of bulk. In this election, TV spending by candidates for Congress and state offices exceeded anything in the past.

Ask any American today to list five words with which he would describe himself. It is rare that Republican or Democrat will be on the list. In fact, a sizable number of candidates in this fall's campaign displayed an amazing reticence about letting the voters know what their party was; the affiliation was widely regarded as either an encumbrance or an irrelevance. In New Jersey, a voter reading one key piece of Senatorial Candidate Jeffrey Bell's literature could not have told whether he was running as a Republican or a Rosicrucian.

House Speaker "Tip" O'Neill surveyed the party's centrifugal forces last week and remarked: "If this were France, the Democratic Party would be five parties." The somewhat chaotic individualism of American politics these days can have its charm, but it is also dangerous. Congress now has all the discipline of a five-year-old's birthday party. Toby Moffett, 34, a Democratic Connecticut Congressman who was not even a member of the party until a couple of weeks before he filed in 1974, remarks with some chagrin: "We get to Washington and we're not prone to look for leadership the way they used to. We don't owe anybody anything." With several hundred different

ideas caroming around the Capitol about how to handle energy or inflation, it is difficult to make policy. It is also much harder for the man in the White House to use party discipline to bring Congressmen into line behind his program. Jimmy Carter, who for the first two years of his term incautiously neglected relations with the national Democratic Party, found that he could not attack from the culprit's rear, by way of the party structure back home.

The decline of the parties is part of the atomizing process of American culture. "The individualistic instincts in this society," writes Washington Post Columnist David Broder, "have now become much more powerful in our politics than the majoritarian impulse. It is easier and more appealing for all of us—leaders as well as followers—to separate ourselves from the mass than to seek out the alliances that can make us part of a majority." Voters seem to have lost the psychological need to feel themselves part of a large political cause; the Viet Nam War,



ILLUSTRATION BY CHAR. B. SLEWAGE

Watergate and other scandals have left a deep residual cynicism that instructs Americans to beware of politicians.

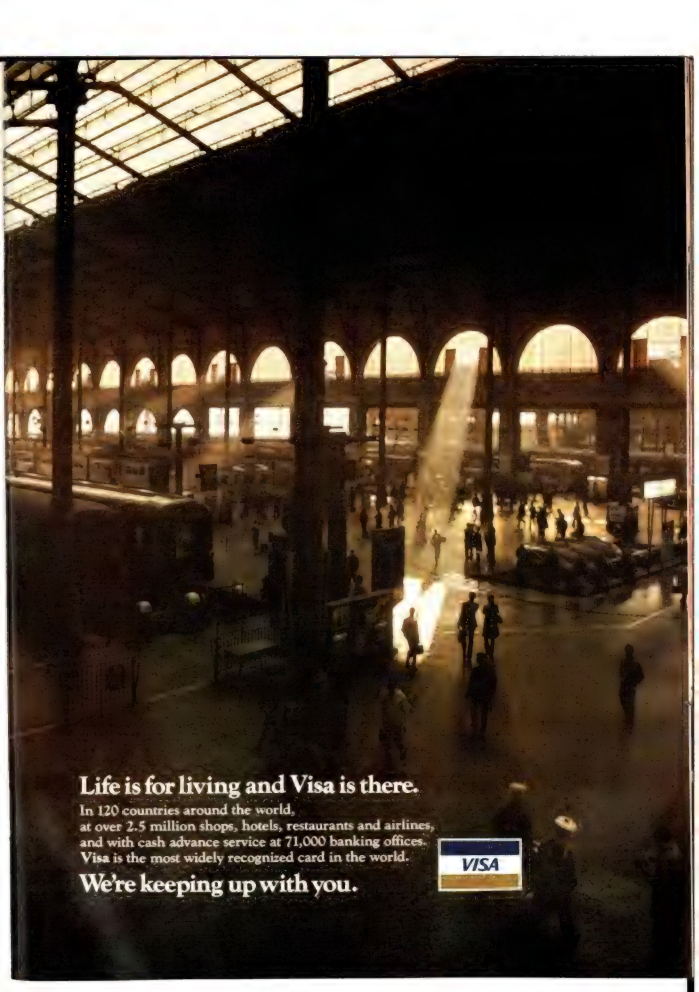
Many other conditions have helped to reduce the parties' circumstances. The relentless attention of pollsters to the public mood means that candidates and officeholders receive their instructions directly from the people, rather than through the party apparatus. Impresarios of media—like White House Adviser Gerald Rasmussen—orchestrate campaigns without the party's help or intervention.

The very reforms that the parties instituted to purify the system (the proliferation of primaries, the funding of campaigns by political action groups instead of the old fat cats) have helped to destroy it. Says Joel Fleischman, director of Duke University's Institute for Policy Sciences: "With laudable motives, we've actually contributed to the degeneration of the political process."

The traditional party structures served to organize possibilities, to discipline people and ideas into workable forms. When practically every politician is a free agent, there is a tendency toward the anarchic, which may be a perfect political reflection of a narcissistic decade. In the absence of party loyalty, officeholders may find it easier to exercise their integrity, although of course they may also owe fealty to some private lobby. In either case, they tend to lose the talent for compromise and concerted effort. Single-issue zealotry, which is rewarded in the new enlarged primary system, can contaminate the entire political process.

Announcements of the death of the two-party system are issued regularly, of course, usually just before the two-party system reasserts itself with a certain amount of resilience. "Everything is cyclical," remarks Stanley Friedman, the Bronx County Democratic chairman in New York. "It used to be fashionable to beat the bosses. Now people are recognizing that you can get strong leadership from an organized political establishment." Still, it is clear that the powers and purposes of both parties are becoming thoroughly circumscribed. It would be lamentable if some day the nation's two great political parties were reduced to performing merely decorative and ceremonial duties, with candidates taking the party label in the same spirit that ships sail under Liberian registry—a flag of convenience, and no more.

— Lance Morrow



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Add a little Early Times to cola and you've put two great American tastes in their place. A glass.

What, you've never sampled the sweet-sour delights of the Pussycat? Hurry, after all, you've only got nine lives! Another super sour made with Early Times and Bar-Tender's® Instant Pussycat Mix.

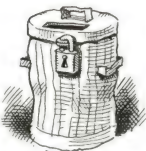
Let's get down to essentials, Early Times and soda. Or Early Times and water. With nothing between them but a few icy cubes.

The Atlanta Belle is so incredibly smooth, it'll ring your chimes.
1 oz. Early Times, ¾ oz. Green Creme de Menthe, ¾ oz. White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. cream, shake with cracked ice.

EARLY TIMES
Old Style
Kentucky
Whisky

EARLY TIMES
Kentucky
Straight Bourbon
Whisky

Americana



Voting Early and Often

In Chicago, where habits taught by the Daley machine die hard, some citizens complained that paper ballots in one precinct were being deposited in a garbage can because there were no proper boxes. In another precinct, the election supervisor was reported to be reading ballots before putting them in the box. At yet another polling place, Police Officer James Jablonski reported, precinct officials consulted a list of names and repeatedly cast ballots. Explained one with striking candor: "We just have six more to do. These are ghost voters." When an official offered Jablonski a wad of bills if he would forget what he had seen, he arrested them for attempted bribery, ballot-box stuffing and tampering with election materials.

Sweet Survey

The most reliable pre-election poll in Massachusetts may have been conducted with chocolate chip cookies. Vincent D'Olimpio Jr., a Hyannis baker, wrote the names of the gubernatorial candidates in icing on the cookies, allowing customers to buy their preference. Democrat Edward King had 295 cookie-buying supporters compared with Republican Frank Hatch's 287—close to the actual margin for King in the election.

Pennsylvania Poker

Pennsylvanians last week elected 101 Republicans and 101 Democrats to the 203-seat state legislature. In the battle for the remaining seat, from the rural area around Gettysburg, Incumbent Democrat Kenneth Cole and Republican Donald Moul, director of the National Trotting and Pacing Association, each got exactly 8,551 votes. The tie made it impossible to settle such crucial matters as control of the speaker's job and the appointment of committee chairmen. Should the tie hold after a recount, the candidates will settle

the contest by drawing lots from a paper bag. Complained Cole's wife: "People in a democracy are entitled to more than a poker game."

Better a Live Republican

In Salem, N.J., Democrats pressed hard for the re-election of Herbert Hopman to the town's Common Council. Their ads for the party ticket included his picture and stressed his 16 years of service on the council. They did not mention that he died soon after the ballots were printed. The Democrats urged his re-election so that the party could select his successor. Voters chose a live Republican instead.

Campaign of the Heart

During his campaign, New York Governor Hugh Carey fended off questions about whether he would marry Anne Ford Uzielli, the divorced daughter of Henry Ford II, with the comment, "If I don't win, who will want me?" But in his victory speech he alluded to what he called "a new campaign." Mrs. Uzielli merely smiled at Widower Carey, who has twelve children. Said Carey later: "This one is not going to be quite so much uphill as I might expect." Said his chief political strategist, David Garth: "This is one campaign I haven't been asked to run."

The Happy Hobo

Melvin Perkins, 55, the Republican hobo of Baltimore's skid row, has run for office many times before, so no one paid much heed when he was the only candidate to qualify on the ballot against an immensely popular Democratic Congressman, Goodloe Byron. Then Byron, 49, died while running along the Potomac River, and his widow took his place on the ballot. Perkins' chances of winning were never good, but they got

even worse when he was tossed in jail for assaulting a woman bus driver. Undaunted, he pointed out: "We've had plenty of Congressmen who ended up in jail. What's wrong with one who started in jail?" The voters thought otherwise. On election night, Perkins consoled himself by showing up, unshaven and wearing his stained wool overcoat, at a Democratic victory celebration. The reason: free beer.

Repatriated Duelers

In Mississippi, voters finally eliminated from their state constitution a provision prohibiting anyone who engages in a duel from holding public office or voting. Also struck down in the tide of 20th century progress were requirements that the state librarian be a woman and that railroads be routed through a county seat if they run within three miles of the town.



Victor Without Spoils

William Smith of Waukegan, Ill., was elected Lake County auditor. In an accompanying referendum, voters abolished the job. Said he: "I feel like I've gone off the diving board and suddenly found the pool was empty."

A Perfect Candidate

In Nevada, voters who do not like the choice of candidates have the tempting option of marking their ballots for "none of these." As a result, Republican Congressional Candidate William O'Mara embarrassingly found himself outpolled in the primary by the "no" votes. In neighboring Idaho, Republican Gubernatorial Candidate Allan Larsen suffered a similar slight. To underscore Incumbent John Evans' refusal to debate, Larsen paid for a televised confrontation with an empty chair. That helped one voter make up his mind: he cast a write-in vote for the empty chair.



The Ultimate Heist

The suspected thief finds that diamonds are not forever

The 55-floor Security Pacific National Bank headquarters in Los Angeles looks like a granite-and-glass fortress. Dark-suited guards roam the lobby. Hidden cameras photograph customers as they make deposits and withdrawals. Yet last month, this stronghold was the site of a \$10.2 million heist, the largest bank robbery in U.S. history. There were no guns, no masks, no get-away cars, indeed, the FBI reports that the thief never touched the money. The robber was so clever that the bank did not realize it had been robbed until told so by the FBI eight days afterward. Last week the FBI arrested the suspected thief, Stanley Mark Rifkin, 32, a balding and genial computer expert.

Rifkin operated his own computer consulting firm out of his three-bedroom, \$400-a-month apartment in the San Fernando Valley. Twice married, Rifkin's chief interest was computers, with which he often played chess. One of his clients was a company that serviced Security Pacific's computers, so his was a familiar face around the bank's headquarters in Los Angeles. Then... but wait.

The tale of Stanley Rifkin and the incredible bank heist actually began in early October. According to the San Diego Union, he approached Lon Stein, a reputable diamond dealer in Los Angeles, and claimed to be representing a legitimate company named Coast Diamond Distributors. Rifkin wanted to buy millions of dollars worth of diamonds. Stein placed the order with Russalmaz, a firm founded



Stanley Mark Rifkin

by the Soviet Union in 1976 to sell its diamonds. On Oct. 14, Russalmaz's office in Geneva received a message from a man identified only as a Mr. Nelson of Security Pacific National Bank, confirming that Stein was a representative of Coast Diamond and that the company had the financial resources to consummate the deal. A few days later, Mr. Nelson phoned to say that Stein would arrive in Geneva on Oct. 26 to inspect the diamonds.

According to the FBI, that was only a day after Rifkin had dropped by the bank headquarters in Los Angeles and descended in an unmarked elevator to Operations Unit One on level D. There he talked his way into the wire transfer room, where he learned the secret code numbers—which are changed daily as a precaution—for transferring money between the bank and others, both in the U.S. and abroad. That done, he sauntered out.

Later in the day he phoned the wire transfer room and used the fictional name Mike Hansen, saying he was with the bank's international division. Rifkin rattled off several security codes. Next, he ordered \$10.2 million transferred into an account at the Irving Trust Company of New York. Because Security Pacific

makes about 1,500 transfers a day, totaling up to \$4 billion, the order went through without a hitch.

On Oct. 26, as scheduled, a man who identified himself as Stein showed up at Russalmaz's Geneva office and spent the day selecting diamonds. The next day he returned with another man, who has not been identified and who did not resemble Rifkin, and agreed to pay Russalmaz \$8.1 million for 43,200 carats of diamonds. The FBI believes that Rifkin either smuggled the diamonds into the U.S. himself or had them delivered by courier. In any event, he began peddling them.

Only five days after the robbery, Rifkin sold twelve diamonds to a Beverly Hills jeweler for \$12,000. Then he jetted to Rochester, where he tried to arrange more diamond sales through a former business associate. But the associate tipped off the FBI. With federal agents on his heels, Rifkin flew to San Diego and was met at the airport by an old friend from school days, a photographer named Daniel Wolfson. Rifkin told Wolfson that he had decided to give himself up but first wanted refuge for the weekend.

Shortly before midnight on Sunday, Nov. 5, FBI agents knocked on the door of Wolfson's apartment. After a brief argument with the photographer, they entered and began to search. Suddenly, Rifkin stepped out of a closet, hands raised, and gave up. He turned over to the agents a suitcase, filled with \$12,000 in cash and about 40 packets of diamonds. As agents led Rifkin from the apartment, Wolfson snapped a few pictures of his friend that he sold to news organizations the next day for \$250.

So far, the FBI has connected only Rifkin to the bank robbery. Agents believe that they have exonerated Jeweler Lon Stein, who claims that he had nothing to do with the diamond deal in Geneva. As for the mysterious Mr. Nelson, agents are trying to learn his real identity by tracing his messages through Western Union.

People who know Rifkin are shocked by the accusations against him. Says Gerald Smith, a professor of management science at California State University Northridge: "The guy is not a bank robber, he's a problem solver. I have a feeling Stan viewed the thing as an incredible problem. He's always five years ahead of anything else going on." Rifkin has been charged with transporting stolen property over state lines. If convicted, he could be sentenced to a \$10,000 fine and ten years in jail. Wolfson was charged with harboring a criminal.

The bank, meanwhile, has recovered about \$2 million of its money and will probably sell the diamonds, valued on the retail market at \$13 million. Result: the bank stands to make nearly a \$5 million profit from the heist.



Rifkin's computer-cluttered apartment. Inset: his cache of money and diamonds

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IRAN

The Shah's Fight for Survival

He names a military government and promises reform—but is it all too late?

The tone was contrite. The words were conciliatory. The old imperial arrogance was gone. "Your revolutionary message has been heard," said Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. "I am aware of everything you have given your lives for. I commit myself to make up for past mistakes, to fight corruption and injustice, and to form a national government to carry out free elections."

The speech was unprecedented for Iran's proud autocrat. It reminded some history-conscious observers of the last days of Imperial Russia's Czar Nicholas II in 1917, or France's King Louis XVI

Saturday night, students at the University of Tehran tore down a statue of the Shah that stood at the entrance to their campus. Iranian soldiers, who had been under orders to use restraint since the "Black Friday" demonstrations on Sept. 8 that left hundreds dead, suddenly turned tough and fired into the crowd, killing eight and wounding 82.

Next day thousands of students who had gathered at the university to mourn the dead surged through its gates into downtown Tehran. They burned buildings, sacked hotels, trashed cinemas, bars, liquor stores and airline offices, which

prominent Iranian officials, including Amir Abbas Hoveida, 59, the Shah's Premier from 1965 to 1977, and General Nematullah Nasiri, 71, former head of SAVAK, Iran's dreaded secret police, were arrested and held for trial on charges of corruption and abuse of power. At week's end the government also arrested Karim Sanjabi, leader of the opposition's National Front, and ordered troops to help man the strikebound oilfields.

The Shah announced that a special commission would investigate charges of financial manipulations that have enriched the royal family. Earlier this fall, he ordered his relatives to divest themselves of any financial interest in government enterprises. Since then, 64 members of the royal family—all except the Shah, Empress Farah and their three youngest children—have left the country, presumably taking their riches with them. The Shah said that a second commission would look into the Pahlavi Foundation, a tax-free charitable organization with annual revenues estimated at \$500 million, which controls vast industrial and business holdings in the country.



The Shah (left) with General Gholam Reza Azhari (center) and other members of new Cabinet

In one hand a letter of repentance, in the other a machine gun and a bayonet

trying to stem the revolutionary fervor that was eventually to sweep him from his throne in 1979. In a televised address to his rebellious country, the Shah announced that he was placing strife-and-strike-torn Iran under temporary military rule. Simultaneously, however, he pledged to meet virtually all the demands of his regime's opposition—all, that is, except for his own abdication from the Peacock Throne.

The Shah's decision to call in the military came after a weekend of savage rioting in the capital, Tehran. The violence followed a period of frantic but unsuccessful efforts by the Shah to put together a coalition government that would include members of the opposition National Front, an alignment of moderate political groups as well as the two leading Muslim religious leaders, the Ayatullahs Khomeini and Sharietmadari (see box). On

have come to be reviled by both leftists and religious rightists as detested symbols of Western economic domination. This time the troops did nothing. The Shah decided it was time to act. He asked for the resignation of Premier Jaafar Sharif-Emami and his ten-week-old government. On Sunday evening, the Shah named General Gholam Reza Azhari, 61, a career officer who has been Chief of Staff of the armed forces since 1971, as Premier and head of a new Cabinet composed of nine military leaders and twelve civilians.

The new Premier declared that "the main program of my government is to re-establish an all-embracing peace and security through a campaign against financial and social corruption to an extent that will convince all honest Iranians." Corruption has emerged as one of the most inflammatory issues of the crisis, and the general wasted no time. More than 35

For opponents of the Shah, the political moves were a case of too little and too late—and may well have reinforced their feeling that the monarch was on the ropes. As a high-ranking Iranian officer said, "The more you feed an alligator, the bigger and hungrier it becomes." From his home in exile outside Paris, Ayatullah Khomeini castigated the imposition of military rule as a "plot that will not work." Said Khomeini: "In one hand, the Shah held a letter of repentance for his crimes, but in the other hand he held a bayonet and a machine gun." National Front Leader Sanjabi had returned from Paris adamantly opposed to any compromise with the Shah. Before his arrest, Sanjabi reiterated the National Front's call for a referendum on the monarchy.

After the military government was installed, the number of violent incidents dropped notably. Army reinforcements moved into Tehran. There are now 100,000 soldiers in the capital alone, supported by more than 200 tanks. Many youthful agitators went underground. With all schools and universities closed and the country's 400,000 teachers still on strike, there was no place for student protesters to congregate. But they remained adamant that the Shah must go, although for

widely differing reasons. While many were outspokenly leftist, others adhered to the religious conservatism of their village upbringing, like their Islamic elders, they see their battle against the Shah as the opening round in a jihad (holy war). Asked why his son was not in school, one street-corner peddler retorted: "Why should he be in school instead of fighting for his religion? I would be happy for him to be a martyr for Islam."

Fearing more bloodshed, an estimated 1 million of Tehran's 4.5 million population fled the city to the safety of the provinces. Strikes continued to cripple the economy. Many shops stayed closed, even in areas of Tehran where there was no fighting. Thousands of banks throughout the country have been destroyed by anti-Shah rioters, who attacked the institutions as symbols of an alien economic presence in Iran. Most banks assured people with savings accounts that records had been made on computer tape and that they would not lose their money. With bus drivers on strike, taxi drivers doubled and tripled their fares, but driving was hardly easy. Though there were no traffic jams for a change, gasoline shortages caused long queues at service stations. After a brief hiatus of total freedom the week before, Tehran's seven daily newspapers stopped publishing rather than submit to censorship reimposed by the military regime.

The new government failed to lure the country's 67,000 petroleum workers back to the oilfields and refineries. The oilworkers, who are envied by many Iranians as the coddled elite of the country's labor force, spurned a 40% wage boost. They stayed out on strike, demanding such reforms as an end to martial law, the release of all political prisoners, replacement of foreign workers holding jobs that could be done by Iranians, and expulsion of the American and European consortium that helps run the National Iranian Oil Co. Boasted a militant student leader last week: "With the oilworkers on our side, we found new confidence. Nothing could better illustrate how much the Shah's position has been weakened."

Settling that strike is the Shah's most crucial challenge. Without the oil revenues that bring in at least \$20 billion a year, Iran's economy will surely collapse. A skeleton force of 5,500 executives and technicians last week managed to keep the oil flowing at around 1.5 million bbl. per day, enough for the country's internal consumption. But that was far short of Iran's export level of 6 million bbl. per day. The pinch has not yet been felt abroad because of shipments already at sea. Then, too, countries like Israel and South Africa, which depend heavily on Iranian crude, have long since anticipated this kind of emergency by stockpiling up to a year's supply of oil.

Part of Iran's reduced supplies could also be offset by tapping fields in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Abu Dhabi, which



Antigovernment demonstrators in Tehran set fire to portraits of the Shah and his family





Truck and overturned land cruiser spew flames and smoke during rioting



Troops wearing gas masks confront angry students at gates of Tehran University

Men Against a Monarch

In the politics of Iran, only one man counted until recently: Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. Now, however, four key opposition figures have emerged who may well determine whether or not the monarch keeps his embattled throne. The four:

AYATULLAH KHOMEINI, 80, chief mullah (religious leader) of the country's Shi'ite Muslim sect, to which 93% of all Iranians adhere, and symbol of resistance to the Shah. Khomeini was exiled in 1963 for opposing the Shah's land-reform program, ostensibly because it conflicted with Islamic law. He directs an almost messianic campaign to overthrow the Shah from a white stucco house in the French village of Neauphle-le-Château, not far from the home of Brigitte Bardot. Five times a day French gendarmes stop traffic while the ayatollah (a Persian term meaning "sign of God") shuffles across the road in robes and black turban to face Mecca and kneel in prayer under an apple tree.

Sitting lotus fashion on a small rug in his cottage, Khomeini these days receives a constant stream of Iranian visitors and inquisitive reporters. In a voice barely above a whisper, he issues unrelenting calls for a *jihad* (holy war) against the Shah and his replacement by a democratically elected Islamic republic, which Khomeini professes no interest in heading.

He wants to reduce Western influence in Iran. The appointment of the new military government, he told *TIME* Paris Correspondent Sandy Burton last week, "will not change anything. Rather, it will intensify the unrest and strikes... The goal of our people's struggle is to wipe out the root and the fundamental cause of all the corruption and crimes, which is the Shah and the monarchy."

AYATULLAH SHARIETMADARI, 76, a Shi'ite scholar who speaks for the conservative, religious-based resistance to the Shah from within Iran, as Khomeini speaks for it from without. Sharietmadari, who lives in the holy city of Qum, is slightly less militant than his fellow mullah. He believes in an Islamic state but has not ruled out a constitutional monarchy so long as it adheres to Islamic principles. A holy war, he argues, is acceptable only as a last resort—that is, if the Shah ignores the Islamic community's legitimate demands. He insists on the segregation of sexes in schools, but is not opposed to higher education for women or their right to vote—in booths separate from men. "The demands of the religious community and the Iranian people," says Sharietmadari, "are in accordance with the most advanced legal regulations of the world."

KARIM SANJABI, 73, arrested last week, is the leader of the National Front, the most vocal political force opposing the Shah. A professor of law at Tehran University and an expert on con-

have reduced their output over the past two years because of a worldwide production surplus. But the Iranian slowdown, if it continues for long, will almost certainly mean higher oil prices for the U.S. and Europe.

Iran's economy was already beginning to show signs of deterioration. Construction work had come to a standstill, real estate prices had fallen, all credit had been stopped. There was a rush to buy foreign exchange. Since September, an estimated \$3 billion in bank deposits has been transferred by wealthy Iranians to accounts abroad. Rumors that the government will limit the flow of money—a move that it probably should have taken months ago—only served to spur the panic flight of capital, which last week

World

was said to be running at the rate of \$50 million a day. Meanwhile, inflation, already one of the major sources of discontent, is expected to spiral upward another 10% to 20% in the next six months as a result of wage increases and mounting production costs.

The primary concern in the West about the Shah's newest crisis was the potential threat to Iran's control over the Persian Gulf, the funnel for much of the oil destined for Japan, Europe, Israel and the U.S. Iraq, which got the Shah to stop Iranian support for a rebellion of its Kurdish separatists in 1975, feared the revival of ethnic and tribal tensions in the region. Fearful that a successful move to topple the Shah would unsettle other monarchies in the area, Saudi Arabia's King Khalid called on Arab nations to give the Shah all possible support.

Were the Russians behind it all? Some observers in Tehran thought so, citing the fact that the Soviets have made contact with radical Shi'ite mullahs. Peking, predictably, blamed Moscow's "hegemony," a code word for expansionism, in its comments on the crisis.

In turn, the Russian news agency Tass lashed out at the U.S. after CIA Director Stansfield Turner remarked that though events in Iran stemmed from "genuine dissent," he was "sure there is some Soviet influence" at work in the country. Retorted Tass: "A downright lie. It is the U.S. that has inundated Iran with military experts, advisers and consultants, whose subversive activities were until recently guided by [Richard] Helms, one of Turner's pre-

decessors in the post of CIA director."

In fact, Western analysts in Moscow believe that Soviet leaders probably prefer the Shah to any Iranian government that would be likely to follow him. The Kremlin, they point out, would hardly benefit from a military dictatorship, a right-wing Islamic government or a prolonged period of instability. Moreover, the Shah has developed a good working relationship with Moscow over the years, including a large number of joint economic projects

and the sale of Iranian natural gas to the Soviets. One of the opposition's complaints is that Tehran's sale of gas to Moscow enables the Soviets to sell their own natural gas to Europe at premium prices.

Nowhere was concern greater than in Washington. Zbigniew Brzezinski, President Carter's National Security Adviser, telephoned the Shah and told him that he had U.S. backing for whatever he did—in effect, giving him the go-ahead to call in the army. The Administration



Statue of the Shah being torn down by university students in Tehran

stitutional government, Sanjabi looks more like an elderly businessman than an opposition political figure. He was once a disciple of Mohammed Mossadegh, the "fainting fanatic" who nationalized the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co.; he served in Mossadegh's Cabinet before the Premier was overthrown by the Iranian army (with CIA help) in 1953.

Since then, Sanjabi has been in and out of jail and politi-

cally powerless. When the Shah began his liberalization program in 1976, Sanjabi emerged from oblivion to revive the National Front. After conferring with Khomeini in Paris last week, Sanjabi flatly ruled out the prospect that the Front might join a coalition government. Sanjabi's main goal now is a national plebiscite on the monarchy: "What we want is that the autocratic government and dictatorial order of the present regime be terminated."

ALI AMINI, 71, a moderate politician who is seeking to work out a compromise between the Shah and the resistance movements. Like Sanjabi, Amini was a Cabinet minister under Mossadegh; he broke away and later served as Ambassador to Washington and then briefly as Premier himself in 1961-62. Amini also quarreled with the Shah about the monarch's tendency to concentrate power in his own hands. Before the military government was appointed, Amini was the key negotiator in trying to set up an all-parties coalition, in which he intended to serve.

It was Amini who persuaded Sanjabi to visit Khomeini in France with the idea of forming a coalition government. Explaining his maneuvers to TIME's Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn last week, Amini insisted that a coalition would have shown "the nation and the world that there is an alternative to the present regime. But I did not succeed. The extremists say we must wait. I say we don't have time to wait."



Ayatollah Khomeini meditates in his garden near Paris

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believes that the military government has given the Shah a temporary reprieve. General Arhavi is regarded as an intelligent, sensible administrator and unquestionably loyal to the Shah. "This is not an independent military government," stressed one Administration aide. "It's the Shah's government."

Washington's hope is that if the Shah works skillfully, he can still press ahead with his liberalization program, broaden the base of political participation, root out corruption and ease the social and economic dislocations that plague the country. Said one high-level U.S. official. "The Shah has to persuade the country that he is sincere in his reforms and that however much Khomeini may be respected, the Ayatollah's way would destroy the country. The Shah has got a tremendously long distance to go. He has never had to build support for himself before."

To be effective, Washington believes, the military government will have to remain in control for at least four months. The likelihood of a coalition government after that would depend on whether moderates concede that cooperation with the Shah is better than the risk of an entrenched military regime—or of chaos.

In the end, say Western observers, whether the Shah stays or goes will probably depend on himself. A complex man of deep and varying moods, he could in a streak of despondency suddenly decide to give up, leaving a divided Iran that might well face civil war. Diplomats who saw him last week found him in better spirits than before the military changeover; fatigue and strain showed in his face, but he was not cracking. Indeed, he appeared to be spurred on by anger over what he feels was the deception and gross negligence of former friends and officials, like Hoveida, on whom he counted to help build his dream of a modern nation. These men should not languish in comfort and luxury, supporters say, while he lives through the most perilous time of his reign.

The Shah's ambitious modernizing programs created a new-rich class in Iran; many of these people have left with their money. Now he must make himself credible to millions of Iranians who did not share in the country's petroleum-fueled prosperity. At the moment it is doubtful whether in a free referendum he could win a majority to remain as monarch. Still, few can envision Iran without a Shah of some kind or other. "If this one should go," says an Iranian intellectual, "there will soon be another to take his place."

At week's end it looked as though the Shah had a fighting chance to survive. But as one Western diplomat observed: "If the Shah with the help of the military still fails to implement reforms, he's finished. It's not an exaggeration to say that he's now right on the edge of the precipice, with one false step sending him hurtling to the bottom."

MIDDLE EAST

Whose Nerves Are Stronger?

The peace treaty bargaining is as shrill as ever

"Right now there is psychological warfare," said a ranking Israeli official. "And only the side with the stronger nerves will manage." By late last week, the Carter Administration was more pessimistic about the outcome of the Washington peace talks between Egypt and Israel than it had been since negotiations began more than a month ago. At the White House, according to one Administration official, there was now "a sort of gnawing concern" that the talks might actually fail. In Cairo, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat gloomily remarked that he

the negotiators have actually had an agreement on a linkage formula for at least two weeks, but things seem to come unstuck when the delegations return home to seek the approval of their governments. Two weeks ago, for example, Israeli Premier Menachem Begin, who was on a visit to the U.S. and Canada, sent Defense Minister Ezer Weizman back to Jerusalem to secure the Cabinet's acceptance of a compromise proposal.

To Weizman's chagrin, the Cabinet rejected the proposal because the linkage between the Israeli-Egyptian treaty and



would not be astonished to see the negotiations break down.

That discouraging prospect was all the more frustrating to the U.S. since most of the outstanding issues had been settled. Indeed, according to an Israeli estimate, the draft peace treaty was "75% to 80%" complete. The two sides had reached agreement on such crucial issues as the end of the 30-year state of war and the establishment of relations, the exchange of ambassadors, the location of boundaries, the placement of troops and the role of United Nations forces, and Israeli navigation rights in the Gulf of Suez. Egypt and Israel had also reached a meeting of minds on the future of two Israeli-built airbases in Sinai and the number and size of Egyptian fortifications in the desert peninsula.

The main obstacle is finding the right language for the thorniest problem of all: the "linkage" between the treaty and further negotiations toward a wider peace between Israel and its other Arab neighbors. In the opinion of U.S. diplomats,

broader peace negotiations was too strong. The document called for the two nations to begin practical negotiations on Palestinian self-government within a month of the treaty's signing. Six months later, general elections were to be held on the West Bank and the Gaza Strip that would set up a functioning Palestinian administrative council.

After the cabinet's vote, one senior official said: "It will be most difficult for even Begin himself to convince us to make more concessions." Some Middle East observers wondered whether Begin was in full control of his Cabinet; others speculated that he might privately welcome some of his colleagues' truculence. At week's end, after summoning his chief Washington negotiators to Toronto for consultations, Begin made plans to fly home to discuss the state of the negotiations with his parliament.

Nobody was angrier about the Israeli Cabinet's latest action than Jimmy Carter. In his Kansas City news conference late last week, the President declared with accuracy: "There has never been any

World

ISRAEL

Unifying a Divided City

Jerusalem remains the focus of irreconcilable views

doubt in my mind, nor President Sadat's, nor Premier Begin's, that one of the premises for the Camp David negotiations was a comprehensive peace settlement." In fact, the President continued, Begin himself had said that he did not seek merely a separate peace treaty. But when the latest draft of the tentative agreement was referred to the governments back home, said Carter, "sometimes the work that has been done is partially undone."

The linkage is particularly important to Sadat, who is still trying to convince the moderate Arab states, and especially Saudi Arabia, that he is not selling out the Arab cause but is working for an overall settlement. Sadat has been disappointed that the Saudis, whose economic support is crucial to Egypt, have not publicly endorsed the Camp David accords. In truth they have been giving him some behind-the-scenes help. At a pan-Arab summit conference in Baghdad, which was convened by Iraq to counter the peace initiative, Saudi Crown Prince Fahd told the other delegates: "An attack on Sadat or Egypt will be considered an attack on Saudi Arabia." He went along with a *pro forma* condemnation of Camp David, but fought off efforts to impose economic sanctions against Egypt.

A second issue holding up the Washington negotiations concerns Sinai oil. With unrest spreading in Iran, which supplies 40% of Israel's oil, Jerusalem wants to make sure it has an ironclad agreement to buy Sinai oil from Egypt. It also wants the Neptune Oil Co., a U.S. firm that currently has an Israeli contract to pump oil in the Sinai, to continue to do so. Egypt has refused to deal with Neptune, arguing that the company is working the Sinai fields illegally. Complicating these negotiations is the fact that they are tied to simultaneous bargaining over Israeli troop withdrawal from the Sinai.

U.S. negotiators are somewhat annoyed at Israeli attempts to delay any agreement on the treaty until the U.S. has formally agreed to pay the full cost of the withdrawal, including replacement of the two big Sinai airfields. "This issue has nothing to do with the Israeli negotiations with Egypt," complained an American involved in the talks. "We didn't ask them to build those two Sinai airfields or put in all that sophisticated intelligence equipment. They may balk, but they'd better realize that there's not much receptivity in the U.S. to the idea of our footing the bill for their total withdrawal."

On balance, it seemed likely that the Egyptians and the Israelis would be able to resolve their remaining differences in time to sign the treaty by Dec. 17, the deadline agreed upon at Camp David. When agreement is reached, the principals are expected to celebrate the historic occasion by staging twin ceremonies in Cairo and Jerusalem. In the meantime, however, the worrisome final business of linkage must somehow be settled.

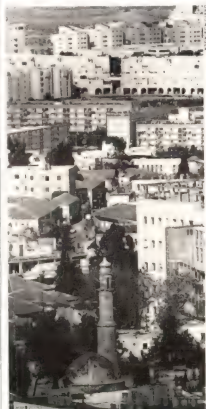
"O Allah, save Jerusalem!" Assembled outside Mecca last week for the beginning of the annual *hajj* (pilgrimage), 1.6 million Muslims prayed in fervent union for the "liberation" of East Jerusalem, which was occupied by Israel during the 1967 Six-Day War. A few days earlier, Israeli Premier Menachem Begin had given a rousing speech at an election rally in Jerusalem for local candidates of his Likud Party. He declared that a united Jerusalem was as much the capital of Israel as Washington was the capital of the U.S. "The only difference is that Washington has been a capital for 200 years, while Jerusalem has existed for 3,000 years as Israel's capital."

Those irreconcilable views on the destiny of the Holy City point to the difficulties that lie ahead in finding a solution to the most difficult of all Middle East problems. To the 100,000 Arabs of East Jerusalem—indeed, to Arabs everywhere—Jerusalem is the third-ranking of Islam's holy places (after Mecca and Medina) and the obvious capital of any Palestinian entity set up on the West

Bank. Says Anwar Khatib, former governor of East Jerusalem under Jordanian rule: "Without safeguarding Arab sovereignty over East Jerusalem, all other proposals will not stand."

The Israelis, for their part, have bitter memories of the walls and barbed wire that divided Jerusalem until 1967, and of the despoliation of the Old City's Jewish Quarter by the Arabs. Never again, they say, can the city be divided and Jews be forbidden to pray before their holiest shrine, the Wailing Wall. To that end, the Israelis have created what they call "new facts" to make sure that Jerusalem stays unified. The Jewish Quarter of the Old City, for example, is being meticulously reconstructed, and 2,200 Israelis have settled there; prior to 1947, the Jewish population was only 1,300. A number of Arab families who lived near the Wailing Wall have been displaced, while others have moved away in quest of better housing; as a result, the Arab population of the Old City has dropped from 25,000 to 17,000.

As another sign of their permanent presence, the Israelis have moved the of-



Housing projects ringing East Jerusalem (left) and reconstruction of Old City's Jewish quarter (right). A sign of permanent presence, or a first step toward replacing Arabs?



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100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

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World

INDIA

Indira Is Back

She wins a bitter by-election

The lush, hilly, coffee- and rice-growing district is known as Chikmagalur, "the abode of the little daughter," in the local Kannada dialect. This Indian constituency, some 1,000 miles south of New Delhi, has now become a political shelter for "Behnji" (Honored Sister)—a favorite nickname of the formidable Indira Gandhi. In a bitter by-election, the former Prime Minister last week defeated a lackluster candidate of the country's ruling Janata coalition to win a seat in India's Lok Sabha (lower house of parliament), where she has not been seen since her Congress Party was thrown out of office in 1977.

Indira's victory—she won 55% of the 450,000 votes cast—was something less than a landslide, even though she campaigned hard and the local branch of her party pulled out all the stops to produce a heavy vote. Soon after the two-week campaign began, she abandoned her ostentatious Chevrolet Impala and toured the 2,780-sq.-mi. district in locally made cars and Jeeps, presenting herself as a friend of the poor. Although widely known to be a religious skeptic, she invariably paused to meditate at village shrines and sacred trees.

Mrs. Gandhi had jailed her most prominent political opponents without a trial during the 21-month state of emergency she declared in June 1975; nonetheless, in Chikmagalur she charged that the Janata government was harassing her by preparing "false cases against me, my family and my party members." That was a reference to the government's declared intent to file charges of criminal conspiracy against her by the end of the year, arising out of abuses of power exposed by a tribunal that investigated her emergency dictatorship. (Her younger son, Sanjay, 31, is already on trial for the theft and destruction of a satirical political film.)

While playing the martyr's role, Indira managed to ignore a wave of violence by police, seemingly designed by her sympathizers in the local bureaucracy to intimidate Janata supporters. An actress from Bangalore appeared at campaign rallies carrying a sign protesting her mother's torture and death at the hands of police during the emergency; she was beaten by cops and had to be hospitalized. The brutality culminated in havoc at the village of Ujire, when police fired in the direction of press photographers, badly injuring one and killing a 19-year-old woman student who was sheltering them. Three photographers were beaten, and TIME New Delhi Bureau Chief Lawrence Malkin was arrested for demanding the name of the police commander.

In New Delhi, Indira's win was seen as a rebuke to the Janata government.



Mrs. Gandhi after election victory

Honored Sister in little daughter's abode

The five-party alliance led by Prime Minister Morarji Desai, 82, has been riven by petty factionalism. In fact, the record is not all that bad: the government has curbed inflation, restored most of the civil liberties abridged during Mrs. Gandhi's emergency, and developed a soft-soiled foreign policy that has erased Indira's threatening "big brother" image in South Asia. But Janata has failed to carry out promises for rural development and small-scale industry. Street crime in India is increasing, and the country has been beset with riots that pit Untouchables against higher caste Hindus. Says Industry Minister George Fernandes: "The Janata must cease to be a nonperforming government and a nonperforming party." Admitted another party official: "We are suffering from auto-intoxication."

Still, Indira is a long way from taking power away from Janata, which holds 330 seats in the 542-member lower house. Although her branch of the Congress Party, which split up last January, controls India's upper house, the Council of States, it has only 78 members in the lower house. Even with a parliamentary forum, Mrs. Gandhi will probably continue to concentrate on her role of party chairman, providing guidance to her followers as they try to disrupt government timetables and block Janata legislation. ■

SOUTH AFRICA

Connie Quits

And a mystery lingers on

Never before had a Cabinet officer from South Africa's ruling National Party been forced to resign in disgrace. Last week the spreading scandal over misuse of a secret multimillion-dollar slush fund within the now disbanded Department of Information claimed its first major victim: Cornelius P. ("Connie") Mulder, 53, powerful Minister of Plural Relations and Nationalist boss of South Africa's huge Transvaal province. Bowing to pressure from his party colleagues, Mulder reluctantly resigned from his euphemistically named Cabinet post, where he administered the apartheid laws that govern the lives of South Africa's 18.5 million blacks. Said Mulder: "I have no remorse in my soul about the entire matter, because everything I have done I did in the conviction that I was serving my country, South Africa, in the best way."

While Afrikaners adjusted to the shock of Mulder's resignation, Prime Minister P.W. Botha struggled desperately to prevent the scandal from spreading. Botha publicly dismissed Supreme Court Justice Anton Mostert. The jurist had conducted a one-man probe of the operation of the slush fund during the time that Mulder served as Minister of the Interior and Information under former Prime Minister John Vorster. Mostert's report produced testimony from witnesses that the Information Department had illegally financed the start of a pro-government Johannesburg daily, the *Citizen*, and allegations of personal abuse of the fund amounting to millions of dollars. To angry opposition members of Parliament, the judge's ouster amounted to an attempted cover-up of Pretoria's "Watergate." In protest, they refused to accept appointments to a special bipartisan investigative body. Indeed, there is intense pressure on Botha within his own party not to suppress such evidence.

At week's end Botha named Interior Minister Alwyn Schlebusch, 61, as Mulder's interim replacement. Amid continuing rumors that other Cabinet ministers might be caught up in the scandal, there was growing speculation that the unsolved murders of a Nationalist candidate and his wife during last year's election campaign were also involved. Robert Smit and his wife Jeanne-Cora were discovered in their home near Johannesburg, fatally wounded by guns and knives. Bloody slogans had been scrawled across the walls of the house, apparently to disguise the killings as the work of terrorists or a religious cult. The Pretoria rumor mill now has it that Smit, a financier by profession, had uncovered evidence of irregularities in foreign exchange transactions, and was murdered in order to keep him quiet. ■

Press

Third World vs. Fourth Estate

Showdown in Paris over a bid to curb the free flow of news

In his 1942 autobiography, *Barriers Down*, former Associated Press Chief Kent Cooper described how a cartel of European press agencies controlled all the news that flowed into and out of the U.S. until well into the 1930s. "It told the world about the Indians on the warpath in the West, lynchings in the South and bizarre crimes in the North ... nothing creditable to America ever was sent," Cooper complained.

A similar complaint is being heard today. This time it is the developing nations of the Third World that claim to be the victims of biased and inadequate news

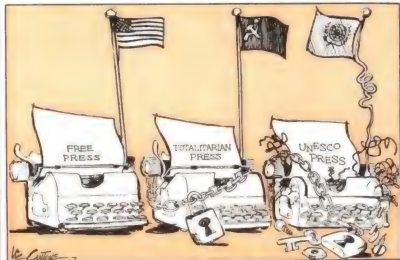
tures. Yet the present 1,500-word version still contains several provisions with chillingly Orwellian overtones. One would endorse government licensing of journalists. Another would compel news organizations to print official replies to stories a government deems unfair.

By far the most troubling of the declaration's eleven articles is the last: "It is the duty of states ... to ensure that the mass media coming directly under their jurisdiction act in conformity" with the declaration. To Western critics, that means nothing less than government control of the press. Warns Roger Tatarian,

The heart of the conflict is a fundamental, perhaps irreconcilable disagreement over the role of the press. To the West, the press is the independent Fourth Estate, watchdog of the other three, and profit-making servant of an informed electorate. To the Communist world, the press is an apparatus of the state charged primarily with educating the masses about state policies. Third World leaders may prefer the Western model, but believe they need a controlled press to promote economic development, accentuate the positive and eliminate the negative. Observes Chicago *Tribune* Editor Clayton Kirkpatrick: "I hear the same complaints from the Third World as I do from Highland Park, Ill., where people think we should cover the opening of a new civic center."

The Third World's brief against the Western press contains two principal complaints:

- ▶ Western coverage of developing nations is shot through with colonial stereotypes; just as Europe's cartel once painted the U.S. as a land of scalplings, lynchings and ax murders, the Western press allegedly sees the Third World as a slough of coups, corruption and natural catastrophes.
- ▶ Western news organizations have so tight a stranglehold on international communications that the Third World simply cannot make itself heard, an imbalance that also purportedly perpetuates Western cultural domination.



The good, the bad and the ugly.

coverage. And this time one of the accused is Cooper's own A.P., along with other Western-based news agencies that keep reporters abroad. These organizations, say Third World officials, monopolize the flow of news in much the same way that Western industrial firms dominate markets. So Third World countries are demanding U.N. endorsement of a "new world information order" to correct imbalances in the distribution of news.

This week they will try to do something drastic about it at the biennial general conference of the 146-nation United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization in Paris. Third World delegates are pushing for adoption of a draft declaration on the mass media that many Western diplomats and journalists consider a grave threat to press freedom. The document is based on a similar resolution proposed at UNESCO's 1970 meeting by the Soviets and rewritten since then to eliminate some of its more heinous fea-

ture. A longtime United Press International executive now teaching journalism at California State (Fresno): "It would in effect be putting UNESCO's badge of approval on government meddling with the news."

A number of major U.S. journalists' and publishers' associations have hotly denounced the declaration. Some have also urged that the U.S., which pays 25% of UNESCO's budget (\$303 million this year), withdraw from the body if the declaration is adopted. In a letter to Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, New York's Senator Daniel Moynihan last month called on the U.S. to "thunder our contempt for this contemptible document." In Paris, the 38-member U.S. delegation has been lobbying quietly to water down the declaration. But the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Times* last week editorialized against compromise. Demanded the *Times*: "What on earth have *Pravda* and the *New York Times* to bargain about in the definition of news?"

Says Columbia Journalism Dean Elie Abel: "On the whole, the major media do an incredibly bad job of covering the Third World." To be sure, the West's press does devote considerably more ink and airtime to the likes of Uganda's Idi Amin than to more responsible leaders, and usually pays more attention to scandals and disasters than to complex social and economic stories. Yet those complaints can also be made about the West's coverage of its own affairs. If Western reporting about the developing world is thin, that may be because news follows the realities of world power: Washington and Moscow are more newsworthy capitals than, say, Lagos and Lima, especially to Western readers. Indeed, Third World news outlets are as parochial as their Western counterparts: a 1975 State Department study of Latin American newspapers showed that they carried little news of other developing countries.

Many Third World governments do not exactly encourage better coverage. The London-based International Press Institute, a watchdog group that monitors press freedom, reported in 1976 that 15 developing nations had expelled or refused entry to foreign correspondents in the previous year, and the rate has probably increased since then. Nigeria has booted out nearly all resident foreign journalists; the last Reuters man there was

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Press

put into a dugout canoe with his wife and eight-year-old daughter and advised to start rowing toward neighboring Benin.

Perhaps the Third World's most accurate complaint is that the West dominates the world flow of communications, principally through the hegemony of the so-called Big Four (A.P., U.P.I., Reuters and Agence France Press). A study this year of 14 Asian newspapers made for the Edward R. Murrow Center at Tufts University showed the Big Four accounted for 76% of Third World news in those papers. Western dominance, however, is more a matter of economics than conscious conspiracy. International cable rates discrim-

World journalists and technicians. American UNESCO Delegation Chief John Reinhardt, who heads the Government's International Communications Agency, this month promised the nonaligned nations a package of U.S. technical assistance and hardware, presumably as an incentive to water down or table the UNESCO mass media declaration.

With debate on the declaration scheduled to begin this week, there seemed to be a chance that a let's-be-friends approach might prevail. The Soviets, more concerned with keeping SAT 1 on the right track than with making trouble for Western reporters, appeared to be growing bored with the whole issue. UNESCO Director-General Amadou Mahtar M'Bow of Senegal, whose ambition is to succeed Kurt Waldheim as U.N. Secretary-General, is staking his prestige on passage of a mass media declaration, preferably by consensus. To that end, delegates from Western and nonaligned nations were caucusing last week to come up with a compromise acceptable to the U.S. Some American opponents of the declaration seem ready to go along. They note that it is not binding, and that Third World governments hardly need the permission of UNESCO to harass journalists.



UNESCO Director-General Amadou M'Bow
Promoting a "new information order."

inate against small national news agencies and other low-volume users.

That imbalance may change. With UNESCO's blessing and the facilities of Yugoslavia's Tanjug news agency, ten nations in 1975 formed their own international news cooperative. The Non-Aligned News Agencies Pool, as it is called, now has 50 member nations, and exchanges lightly edited government press releases among subscribers. Roger Tatarian has proposed a joint multinational news agency that would concentrate on national-development stories. A task force of the New York-based 20th Century Fund including Third World journalists has endorsed the idea. The World Press Freedom Committee, a group of 32 international publishers and broadcasters, has raised about half of the \$1 million it plans to spend training Third

Even if the measure is watered down or pigeonholed, the issue will come up again next year when a UNESCO commission of "wise men" led by former Irish Foreign Minister Sean MacBride completes an exhaustive study on the subject. In addition, the International Telecommunications Union will meet next fall to consider the first redistribution of world radio frequencies in 20 years. The frequencies are now dominated by the West and the Soviets. Third World nations are agitating for a better slice of the spectrum and for the right to block direct satellite broadcasting across national borders.

Whatever happens next in the news-flow dispute, the Third World countries have already achieved some major goals. They have made the West aware of their displeasure with slapdash coverage of their affairs. They have pledged pledges of equipment and training from the West. Perhaps most important, and most disturbing, they have realized that they can, in the words of one specialist, "pull the plugs anywhere" in the international communications system.

What the West has yet to make clear to them is that press freedom need not be incompatible with national development. That government-dictated news is no more believable in the Third World than elsewhere and that any "new world information order" should be blessed with fewer government curbs on the flow of news, not more. As the 20th Century Fund's task force concluded, "The practices of a free press may be erratic, even in the West, but the aspirations of freedom should ultimately serve to unite the West and the Third World."

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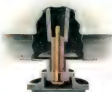


Most high-fidelity turntables have flimsy plastic or metal headshells that can distort the music. Pioneer's is made of glass fiber, a substance with far greater mass yet less weight, which is unaltered by resonance.

On many turntables, the motor is suspended from the base itself, where the slightest vibration can be picked up by the stylus. The PL-518's direct-drive motor is anchored to a metal plate beneath the base, where this is far less likely to happen.



Some turntables are held together by staples, which can work themselves loose. Pioneer uses aluminum screws to seal the base to the base plate.



A lot of turntables have skinny plastic legs that merely support the weight of the turntable. The feet of the PL-518 are spring-mounted which helps reduce acoustic feedback. So you can play your music loud enough to rattle the walls without rattling the turntable.



Many tone arms are mounted on piano wire and cheap plastic casings which vibrate. Instead, ours float on pivot bearings which are immune to vibration.



Some rely on 3 ball bearings for stability in the tone-arm shaft, but Pioneer uses 34.



Some turntables get by with a common plastic or sheet metal base which is susceptible to vibration and can cause acoustic feedback. Not the base of the PL-518. It's made of two solid blocks of compressed wood, which when joined eliminate feedback.



What you see here will tell you a lot about Pioneer's PL-518.

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The government's interest, and the taxpayer's, is in preventing economic chaos. Without the weapon of the loan agreement, the government would be powerless to limit the production of tobacco. The results would be as predictable as any disaster can be: overplanting of the crop by big farmers with extra land and by

PORT THE TOBACCO FARMER?



SUPPORTS THE GOVERNMENT.

newcomers, a fall in the price of tobacco, a drop in the income of small farmers to the point where many would be squeezed off the land and onto welfare rolls, sharp decreases in tax collections in the 22 states that grow tobacco, widespread disruptions in the banking and commercial systems and, if you want to follow the scenario out to its grim conclusion, very likely a regional recession.

The value of the program to the government, and to the taxpayer, is thus very great. And the cost is unbelievably low. Over the entire 45 years of its operation, the total cost of the government guarantee has been less than \$1¼ million a year, or roughly what the government spends otherwise every 79 seconds. This is because the government has been able to sell, at a profit, almost all the tobacco it has taken as loan collateral.

From the farmer's viewpoint, the tobacco support program might as easily, and more justly, be called a *government* support program, since it does more to support the government than it does to support him.

One fact above all others tells you the true story. For all his labors in planting, growing and harvesting his crop, the farmer receives \$2.3 billion. And from the products of his labor, the government (federal, state and local) collects \$6 billion in taxes.

It's enough to make even an anti-smoker, at least a fair-minded one, agree that, on balance, it's the tobacco farmer who's supporting the government. And doing it superbly.

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Medicine

Valuable Gadfly

Wolfe at Washington's door

Gadfly. Definition: a usually intentionally annoying person who stimulates or provokes others, especially by persistent, irritating criticism. Example: Sidney Wolfe, director of Ralph Nader's Health Research Group.

Wolfe's sting has been felt mostly by Washington bureaucrats. For the past seven years, the 41-year-old doctor has been buzzing around federal agencies, urging them to take action on health issues. These range from banning cancer-causing chemicals from food supplies and the workplace to removing hazardous drugs from the market and warning the public about the dangers of unnecessary surgery, excessive X rays and liquid protein diets.

The gadfly has drawn blood: William Gray of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association accuses him of zealotry: "He tends to exploit every negative aspect of drug therapy to scare the consumer." Still, many Washington officials are beginning to develop a wary respect for Wolfe. Admits Donald Kennedy, commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration: "Sometimes when I've been annoyed at Sid, I realized that I was really annoyed at myself for not seeing a problem to be as serious as I should have at first look. In the past the tendency was not to question the fruits of technology."

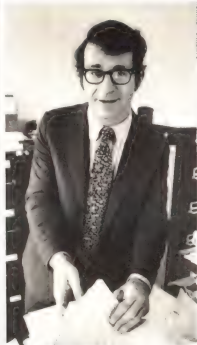
Wolfe has been finding wormholes in those fruits ever since college. Intending to become a chemical engineer, he worked one summer at a company that produced hydrofluoric acid, which is used in etching glass and other processes. Wolfe found that the acid etched human skin as well; he often left work covered by first-degree burns. That experience helped turn him toward a medical career. At Cleveland's Western Reserve University, Wolfe studied under famed pediatrician Benjamin Spock who, he says, "made it very clear that it is not possible to understand people's health problems without understanding the circumstances from which they come." Those circumstances include job and living conditions, as well as diet—all ongoing concerns of the Health Research Group.

In 1968, Wolfe, then a National Institutes of Health researcher, began working with Nader. Three years later, they collaborated on a letter to the FDA warning that many bottles of intravenous fluid were contaminated with bacteria that had caused 150 cases of infection and nine deaths. They protested that the FDA's proposed solution—continued use of the bottles with added precautions—was shockingly inadequate. Two days later the agency issued a recall of millions of contaminated bottles.

Encouraged by that success, Wolfe turned his attention to public-health hazards that he felt were not being dealt with promptly or vigorously enough by federal agencies. His alarms, sometimes strident but usually accompanied by sound documentation, have resulted in a remarkable string of Government actions affecting the use of suspected or proven cancer-causing substances. Among them:

- The Labor Department's 1973 declaration of zero tolerance levels in industry for ten widely used chemicals, including benzidine and beta-naphthylamine.

- The FDA, EPA and Consumer Product Safety Commission's 1974 ban on the use



Health Crusader Sidney Wolfe

Finding wormholes in technology's fruits.

as a propellant of vinyl chloride, shown to be the cause of a rare form of liver cancer, from a host of aerosol products.

- The FDA's January 1976 ban on the use of Red Dye No. 2 as a food coloring.

- The FDA removal of chloroform from cough medicines and toothpaste in 1976.

During the past two years, Wolfe has taken his cases directly to the top. In April 1977, he alerted HEW Secretary Joseph Califano to existing FDA records linking phenformin, a drug used by one-fifth of all diabetics taking oral medication, to bad reactions in 190 cases and 93 deaths. Califano responded by invoking the "imminent hazard" law, which had never before been used, and banned the substance. Only last month, following another letter from Wolfe, Califano issued a sweeping warning about the dangers of DES, a drug

once given to pregnant women to help prevent miscarriages that has since been shown to produce cancer or genital disorders in these women and their offspring.

Wolfe and his nine-member staff work on a meager \$148,000-a-year budget in a cramped and rundown Washington office. On the door is a sign in Latin: *POPULUS IAMDUDUM DEFUTATUS EST* (The people have been getting screwed long enough). Putting in ten-hour days, Wolfe is currently involved in a study of surgeons' fees in Washington, D.C., a stepped-up antimoking campaign, and warnings on estrogen.

At home, Wolfe practices what he preaches: he gave up cigarettes eight years ago, and avoids saccharine-sweetened drinks and processed foods. Like Nader, he avoids the party circuit. Nevertheless, he has become an accepted part of the Washington scene, not so much a noisome pest as a comforting, if disquieting, presence. Even FDA Commissioner Kennedy says of his nemesis: "If we didn't have Wolfe around, our society would be poorer for it."

Cold Turkey

Another no-smoking day

In a 1971 comedy film called *Cold Turkey*, an entire Iowa town tried to give up smoking for 30 days and actually succeeded. This week the American Cancer Society will try to do Hollywood one better. It is asking all U.S. cigarette users, some 50 million people, to stop smoking for one day, Thursday, Nov. 16. The long-range objective of the third annual Great American Smokeout is even more ambitious: permanent withdrawal. That is not entirely a pipedream. Of the estimated 5 million people who gave up smoking for a day last year, a follow-up study showed some half million were still shunning their smokes two months later.

The ACS last week backed its appeal with some pertinent statistics. In a 25-year overview of cancer mortality figures, it reported that cancer death rates seem to be leveling off, and for some forms of the disease, actually declining, as in the case of stomach cancer (down more than 60%), colon-rectum (down 5.6% for men, 22.5% for women) and uterine cancer (down 59.5%). But the death rate for lung cancer, which has been repeatedly linked to cigarette smoking, has grown by 200%. Cancer Society officials attribute at least part of that sharp rise to the great increase in the number of women smokers in the past few decades.

Despite the risks of cigarettes, many smokers seem all too willing to take the gamble. In a recent survey, the ACS found that 52% of smokers believe they will get lung cancer. Even so, that fear did not make them kick the habit.

Religion

"No" for the Church of England

Anglican women lose a bitter battle for priesthood

The bishops were for it. The laity endorsed it too. But the rank-and-file clergy of the Church of England vehemently opposed the idea. So, as English Anglicans held their autumn General Synod in the white-domed Church House behind Westminster Abbey last week, a proposal to ordain women to the priesthood was defeated 272-246.

The vote came as a mild surprise. At the Lambeth Conference in Canterbury last August, a broad consensus of bishops of the Anglican communion from 25 nations joined those of the mother church in agreeing that the volatile issue of women's ordination ought to be decided by each national church. By taking that position, observers thought, the English Anglicans were foreshadowing approval of the bitterly disputed proposal. The lead had already been taken by Canada, New Zealand and Hong Kong with little backlash. But the U.S. cast a shadow: after a close pro-ordination vote for women in 1976, the church suffered an embarrassing schism when angry conservatives left

to form a renegade Anglican Catholic denomination.

Not to worry, declared Hugh Montefiore, Bishop of Birmingham and leader of the synod camp pushing the motion. "Their culture is different from our own," he said of the U.S. "They actually enjoy confrontation and they tend to politicize where we play things down." But what of the danger that approval of women priests would rupture the fragile ecumenical bridge that the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches are building? Archbishop of Canterbury Donald Coggan, the highest primate of the church and a proponent of women priests, sought to ease that concern by declaring of the Catholics: "I think they would welcome our lead." But in the end, the women were turned down. As Graham Leonard, bishop of Truro and

leader of the conservative camp, summed it up: "I want women to be women."

Late into the London afternoon, as the sky darkened outside the high arched windows of the Church House dome, the debate sizzled on. Finally, almost an hour behind schedule, the clergy and laity filed into antechambers, the bishops remained in the assembly hall, and all three groups

conducted separate votes, with a majority in each needed to pass the motion. Results: laity 120-106 in favor; bishops 32-17 in favor; clergy 149-94 opposed. As the final anti-ordination tally was read, Dr. Una Kroll, an Anglican feminist, stood up in the gallery and cried out: "We asked for bread, but you gave us a stone."

For Kroll and some 100 other Anglican women hoping to be ordained, the most frustrating news was left unsaid: by church mandate, the issue cannot be formally reconsidered until a new synod convenes in 1980—and even then, with a crushing load of other business to settle, the Anglican leaders may not consent to hear the women's case until 1983 or later. ■



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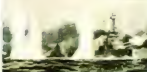
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Pesky UFOs

Those glowing, humming objects may really be insects

They ran outside in time to see a large object, flat on the bottom with a dome on top hovering over the house . . . They heard a humming noise, and lights around the bottom edge of the object were blinking on and off, giving a predominantly red impression but also appearing at times to be green and yellow

This incident, related in the 1974 book *The Utah UFO Display*, was just one of 80 sightings of unidentified flying objects reported near the small northeastern Utah town of Roosevelt from 1965 to 1968. The book, carefully researched and written by Frank B. Salisbury, a plant physiologist at Utah State University, was seized upon by UFO buffs as still more evidence of the reality of flying saucers and visitations from extraterrestrial beings.

Now comes word that should really bug the True Believers. In a report in the journal *Applied Optics*, two U.S. Department of Agriculture scientists offer an earthly explanation not only for the Utah UFOs but possibly for many others as well. Reading Salisbury's book, Entomologist Philip S. Callahan and his associate, R.W. Mankin, were struck by the similarity between the movements of the UFOs and the actions of insect swarms. Their conclusion, after some painstaking research: the Utah objects were probably moths known as spruce budworms, illuminated by a common atmospheric phenomenon known as St. Elmo's fire.

Long observed as glowing halos



Predatory stinkbug glowing UFO-like in a lab-created electrical field

Like a great "free-floating discotheque in the sky."

around the yardarms of sailing ships, in the vicinity of church steeples and near the wing and propeller tips of aircraft. St. Elmo's fire occurs when strong electrical fields are created in the atmosphere. If atmospheric voltage rises high enough, as under a thunderhead, the electrical resistance of the air breaks down and electrons flow from such pointed objects as a ship's mast, agitating nearby air molecules to produce a strong coronal light.

To test whether insects could also be set aglow, Callahan and Mankin in their lab generated electric fields comparable to those produced during storms. They then confined within the fields several species of insects, including predatory stinkbugs and spruce budworms. The results were invariably the same: the bugs, consisting, as the scientists note, of an excellent dielectric (the exoskeleton) surrounding an electrolyte (the body fluids), displayed brilliantly colored flares from

such external points as their antennae, leg joints and jaws. Write Callahan and Mankin: "There is absolutely no doubt that, given the right weather conditions, nature can produce a high enough electric field to light up flying insects."

Strong supporting evidence came from U.S. Forest Service records, which showed that there were in fact several severe spruce budworm infestations in forests near Roosevelt just before the UFO outbreaks. Thus, the budworm moths, having feasted on the trees and flying in well-defined swarms that may have measured miles across, could have been on nocturnal migrations when the people of Roosevelt began seeing those strange, dancing lights. Indeed, as the moths hovered and blinked overhead, while trying to escape atmospheric electric fields on certain stormy nights, they might well have resembled what the scientists call a great "free-floating discotheque in the sky."

Milestones

DIED, Charles D. Tandy, 60. Texas industrialist who crafted a small leather business into a multimillion-dollar conglomerate, of an apparent heart attack, in Fort Worth. During World War II, Tandy noticed that disabled sailors liked leathercraft, and started marketing scraps and tools to hospitals through his father's shoe-leather company. By the early 1960s, he directed Tandy Corp., the nation's largest purveyor of handicrafts, and in 1963 added a bankrupt chain of ham-radio shops called Radio Shack that he eventually expanded into a company of 6,500 outlets, currently grossing more than \$1 billion yearly.

DIED, Harry Bertola, 63. Italian-born sculptor and furniture designer; of a pulmonary hemorrhage, in Barto, Pa. Bertola first achieved recognition in 1952 when he unveiled his now classic chair, an upholstered, diamond-shaped wire shell sus-

pended in a steel cradle. He was later noted for welding metal rods and plates into dandelion-like bursts and honeycombed wall screens, and for creating his "sounding sculptures," clusters of wires and bars that turned sonorous when brushed by hand or wind.

DIED, Urbanus E. Baughman, 73, chief of the U.S. Secret Service from 1948 to 1961, of heart disease, in Toms River, N.J. As guardian of three U.S. Presidents, the chief once rated Harry Truman as his agency's greatest challenge. Explained Baughman: "He took all those walks, always out in the open, always exposed."

DIED, Gene Tunney, 81, former world heavyweight boxing champion who twice defeated Jack Dempsey before retiring undefeated in 1928; of a heart attack, in Greenwich, Conn. (see SPORT).

DIED, Norman Rockwell, 84, beloved illustrator and artist famed for his tableaux of small-town American life and virtues, in Stockbridge, Mass. (see ART).

DIED, Janet Flanner, 86, writer and correspondent whose "Letter from Paris," bylined "Genet," appeared regularly in *The New Yorker* for almost 50 years, of a heart attack, in Manhattan. Born in Indianapolis, Flanner worked briefly as a newspaper film critic and traveled throughout Europe before settling in Paris in 1922. Three years later, *New Yorker* Editor Harold Ross hired the American expatriate, and for the next five decades she filed erudite portraits of French society. A graceful, exacting stylist, Flanner also wrote profiles on figures as diverse as Adolf Hitler and Queen Mary of England. "I act as a sponge," she once said of her job. "I soak it up and squeeze it out in ink every two weeks."



ILLUSTRATION BY BOB ROY FOR TIME



Economy & Business

Battling the Inflation Bears

Quarterback Carter got his quick score, but now a budget fight looms

In the first burst of cheering over Jimmy Carter's save-the-dollar program, some football-fan bankers compared the President to a quarterback who had thrown a spectacular pass from his own 1-yd. line for a touchdown. Last week it became evident that the quick score only got the Carter Comets back into a game that had been turning into a rout. To win, Carter must now call signals effectively for a long, grind-it-out-on-the-ground drive against the awesome defense of the Inflation Bears.

Overseas the dollar came under selling pressure again last week and gave up some of the gains it had made early in the rescue program. The selling came primarily from exporters in various countries who played what New York Money Trader Claude Tygier called "a cat-and-mouse game" with central banks. Having acquired dollars by selling their products, the exporters sold some of those greenbacks in order to test whether the government bankers really were determined to support the price.

The U.S. Federal Reserve Board and the central banks of Germany, Switzerland and Japan did in fact buy up enough dollars to hold the price well above the lows established in the pre-Halloween panic. But it was clear that the dollar has not yet developed any upward momentum of its own, and will not until Carter can convince the hard-bitten cynics of the exchange markets that the U.S. is prepared to follow a tough anti-inflation policy as long as may be necessary. Said Walter Seipp, vice president of the Westdeutsche

Landesbank in Düsseldorf: "Everything depends on whether the U.S. Government will succeed with its very tight money policy in reducing the American inflation rate and improving its trade balance."

At home the pain of such a policy became more evident. The Federal Reserve has been trying to contain an inflationary increase in the U.S. money supply by raising interest rates to near record levels, but it is still unclear whether the policy is succeeding. Money supply jumped \$2.1 billion last week, wiping out more than a

third of a big drop registered the week before. That means interest rates will probably have to move even higher than the 10.75% that banks now charge on "prime" loans to their best business customers—possibly above the record 12% rate of 1974. And when money growth finally does slow, bankers increasingly fear a credit crunch in which house buyers, small businesses and other would-be borrowers will find loan money not just expensive but unavailable.

Last week economists and Govern-

Will the first great test of Jimmy Carter's anti-inflation guidelines be posed by candy bars? At his press conference last week, the President was asked if he would "put the bite on" Hershey Foods Corp. for raising the prices of its chocolate bars, peanut cups, candy kisses and other products an average of about 9%. Carter solemnly replied that if the increase did indeed exceed his standards, he would "disapprove it strongly. We do have some persuasion that we can exercise."

Hershey insisted that it had not busted the guidelines, which call for firms to hold price boosts half a point below the average of the increases they posted in 1976 and 1977. With Hershey, comparisons are tough because the size of its bars has changed. The company is now raising the price of its basic milk-chocolate bar from 20¢ to 25¢, but also increasing the weight of each bar by 14%, so that the price increase on each munchable ounce is 9.3%. That, says Hershey, compares with three price boosts per ounce of bar weight of, respectively, 18.4%, 12.8% and 14.1% in the past two years, the base period for guideline comparisons. Reasons for the hikes: cocoa-bean prices have almost tripled since 1975, while costs have also risen for other ingredients, including (Carter, hear this) peanuts.

If Washington decides to say nuts to the increase, it is not clear what "persuasion" it can apply. Stop buying Hershey bars for post exchanges, perhaps?



ment agencies began filling in some numbers on just how severe a slowdown in growth—or how bad a recession—the high interest rates are likely to produce. Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., which had been predicting a 6% rise next year in business spending for new plant and equipment, adjusted for inflation, slashed its forecast to a mere 2.9%, a rise that would create few new jobs. The Commerce Department predicted that total spending on construction will drop 6% next year, following a 1978 rise of 4% to 5%.

The National Association of Home Builders forecast that housing starts, which have run just below 2 million annually in both 1977 and 1978, will fall to 1.5 million next year. Main reason: mortgage interest rates already average more than 10% nationwide, and may have to climb as high as 11% to stay roughly in line with other rates; but in states containing just under half of the U.S. population, usury laws limit many mortgage lenders to 10% or less. NAHB Economist Michael Sumichrast believes that these lenders, unable to earn a competitive interest rate, will simply stop making house-buying loans.

The 25% drop in starts that the NAHB foresees would be the mildest of the many housing declines that have repeatedly led the economy into recession since World War II. But its impact might be magnified by a reduction in credit-financed buying of other goods, notably cars. Last week General Motors cut its year-end dividend to \$2.50 a share, from \$3.25 a year ago. GM officials formally clung to their prediction that car sales will total a near record 11.5 million next year, but added that high capital outlays make it wise for the company to conserve cash.

The dividend cut shocked Wall Street traders, who apparently saw it as a harbinger of many more to come. Stock prices, which had registered their sharpest one-day run-up ever (35 points) during the initial euphoria over the dollar-rescue program, fell back heavily: last Tuesday the Dow Jones industrial average tumbled 148.1 points. At week's end it was moving in a narrow range just above 800, but nobody could be sure it would hold there. Some brokers fear that a combination of high interest rates and the threat (or fact) of recession could push the average down to the low 700s by mid-1979.

The next big test of Carter's determination to keep up the anti-inflation campaign despite the troubles it is bound to cause will be how much he can hold down federal spending and stem the flow of budgetary red ink. In January the Administration will send Congress proposals for small cuts designed to knock as much as \$3 billion off the \$39 billion deficit now forecast for fiscal 1979, which start-

ed Oct. 1. Over the weekend, as an earnest of his anti-inflationary intentions, Carter vetoed bills that in effect would have limited imports of low-priced beef and textiles and appropriated ten times as much money as the Administration had asked for the training of nurses; in addition, he announced a program for restricting planting that will raise agricultural prices less than farmers had hoped.

More important, the President has sworn to reduce the deficit for fiscal 1980 to \$30 billion. To the dismay of some liberal advisers, he told an October meeting of Cabinet members and the White House staff that "my political future" depends on redeeming that pledge, which meant

draws Social Security retirement benefits from the first of that month; the Office of Management and Budget wants to start the payments on the 15th.

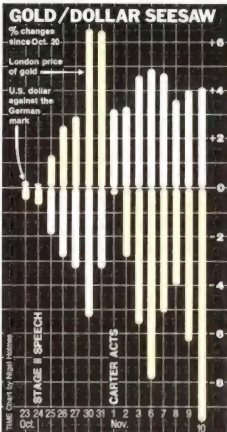
2) A veteran's family can now draw death benefits from both the Social Security and Veterans' Administrations; the budget cutters want to stop one or the other.

3) Federal pensions are increased twice a year to reflect rises in living costs; the budget planners want to make only one annual adjustment.

Another element in the anti-inflation strategy is a presidential promise to reduce Government regulation of business, and last week brought a welcome indication that this pledge is more than talk. A Daniel O'Neal, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, outlined a plan to deregulate trucking. Briefly, he would make it much easier for new truck lines to enter the business and would end the practice under which conferences of truckers, with ICC blessing, set freight rates. That would open the industry to more rate-cutting competition, a prospect that established truckers are likely to fight against; the ICC will need Carter's backing to put it through.

The President also faces a stiff fight to get his wage-price guidelines obeyed. The Administration has been counting on the Teamsters to settle next March within the guidelines, which call for wage-and-benefit increases averaging 7%. But last week Teamster President Frank Fitzsimmons announced that "if [Carter] said we endorse his program, then he is wrong." On the price side, major railroads applied to the ICC for an 8½% increase in freight rates, setting the stage for an important test. A staffer of the Council on Wage and Price Stability observed that at first glance the increase would far exceed the guidelines; the railroads contend that the hike is being forced by wage contracts signed before the guidelines were announced.

On all these fronts, Carter is promising a dedicated battle. In his press conference last week, he vowed to present a "very tight, very stringent" 1980 budget and said he would "do everything I can that is legal" to see that the guidelines are observed. Unfortunately, however, the disarray in Administration policymaking continues. Carter at his press conference said that he has "no present plans" to call for a rollback of Social Security tax boosts; the next day Chief Economic Adviser Charles Schultz said that "we are sure going to look at" a rollback and came close to implying that the boss had simply been wrong. Such a mix-up in signals is a luxury that cannot be afforded. No more quick touchdowns are in sight; from now on the gains, if any, will be small and hard-fought.



that nobody should dare bring him ideas for new programs.

Indeed, since the Administration has already promised NATO allies that it will increase defense spending by 3% a year, there will be no money for any new civilian programs, and some existing ones will have to be reduced. The paring is being done by Budget Boss James McIntyre, who vows to leave "blood all over the carpet." Budget slashers are even talking of making small cuts in Social Security and other federal pension payments, supposedly the most politically sacrosanct of all federal outlays. Samples:

1) At present, a person who reaches age 65 on, say, the 29th of a month



Pagoda-like hotel with reflecting pool in Bangkok, Thailand

Intercontinental Checks into China

And its corporate parent, Pan Am, may follow

Peking may never rival Paris as a fixture on the international travel circuit, but the gradual parting of the Bamboo Curtain in the 1970s has enabled more and more foreigners to see the wonders of the Middle Kingdom. This year, 100,000 foreign tourists and businessmen—including 15,000 Americans—will visit China, and next year the total could double. What most visitors bring back, besides snapshots of the Great Wall and the Ming Tombs, are horror stories about the accommodations. Hotel rooms are hard to get, air conditioning is rare, and such Western amenities as bars, saunas and swimming pools are all but unknown.

All this could now change. Last week Pan American's Intercontinental Hotels subsidiary signed a preliminary pact with the Chinese to build six or seven hotels, each with 500 to 1,000 rooms. At least one hotel will be in Peking; others may rise in Shanghai, Canton, and perhaps in the lakeside resort town of Hangchow and the country's ancient capital of Sian.

Intercontinental makes a practice of putting up units that reflect their surroundings. In China, the Intercontinentals will all have different designs that match their neighborhoods. The Chinese themselves, says Intercontinental Chairman Paul Sheeline, want modern hotels, "but they don't want them to have what they consider to be unnecessary facilities." Most of these, however, are what Westerners would consider minimum requirements for civilized travel. So the company compromised: it gave up on nightclubs,

but insisted on providing bars, small swimming pools, modest health clubs and perhaps a couple of tennis courts.

China will own the hotels but Intercontinental will share the profits and run the inns for ten years or so while local managers are trained. Intercontinental will also help arrange financing for the chain, which will cost perhaps \$500 million or more.

Peking hopes that tourism will provide foreign exchange needed to help pay for its ambitious economic development plans. Indeed, Intercontinental's hopes of pioneering in China (other firms will also surely be invited in) got a crucial lift last October, when Pan Am Chairman William T. Seawell had a meeting in Peking with China's Deputy Premier Teng Hsiao-ping, who is the regime's leading proponent of rapid development.

The Intercontinental deal should further Pan Am's hope of resuming service to China, which it suspended in the early '40s. For the past year, the airline has been running a heavily booked six-day China tour (total cost: about \$1,145 double occupancy), but it has had to fly its customers to Tokyo or Hong Kong for transfer to Chinese planes or ground transportation. That may not always be necessary. Earlier this year, Pan Am gave up its routes to both Moscow and Taiwan. Though the company denies it, those moves look as if they might have been aimed at helping Pan Am fly directly to some of the mainland cities that are soon to sprout Intercontinental hotels. ■

Norway's Chill

Faith, hope and austerity

When oil and gas were discovered under their harsh, frigid waters in 1969, Norwegians felt confident that North Sea energy riches would give them the means to create a perfect society. Even before the money came in, they started spending it to enhance an elaborate social-welfare system that has given them one of the world's highest living standards. But the state budget crept up, until today this system takes an astonishing 54.9% of the gross national product. Belatedly, Norwegians discovered that they were living well beyond their means.

Unrealistic oil production and revenue predictions, expensive delays and 100%-to-200% cost overruns at offshore platforms have led to economic crisis. Norway has greatly overspent its oil revenues. Prime Minister Odvar Nordli, whose Labor Party has governed for five years, felt it necessary to submit an austerity budget for 1979 and propose a wage-and-price freeze through the end of next year. The Norwegian parliament last week approved the freeze proposal.

To curb the country's 8.3% inflation, controls have also been put on private lending, investment and installment buying. Nordli frets that there is too much reliance on government. Says he: "Each job in industry is now supported by an average \$1,000 to \$1,200 per year in government funds. In shipbuilding the figure is \$8,000 to \$10,000. It is obvious that we have to reduce this load on the state budget considerably."

Still, Norwegians will hardly go without. Unemployment is a slim 1.3%; government officials figure that it may creep up during the austerity period, but only to 2%. Oil production doubled this year, to 102 million bbl., or about one-third as much as Mexico produces, and next year it is expected to rise by 35%. The government has decided to award seven of its remaining North Sea concessions between December and February, several months ahead of schedule.

Though public opinion polls show that an overwhelming 75% of the country's people favor restrictions on the growth of private consumption over the next two or three years, labor is already bucking the wage guidelines. The liquor deliverers, who are demanding a 15.6% pay raise, have begun a strike that presents aquavit-loving Norwegians with the sobering prospect that their country may have its first dry Christmas since prohibition ended in 1927. Whether or not that happens, Norwegians caught in the freeze can take at least some solace from the fact that King Olav V's annual stipend of \$740,000 is frozen for the next 14 months as well. ■

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Look at the well-engineered '79 Mazda GLC. It's not a lot of money. But it sure is a lot of Mazda.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices (slightly higher in California). Actual prices established by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. All prices subject to change without notice.

**EPA estimates with 4-speed transmission. Your mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition, and optional equipment.

Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.

mazda

**The more you look,
the more you like.**

**"Ballantine's.
Damn good
scotch."**



Introducing the Technics SA-1000. With more power and less distortion than any other receiver we've made: 330 watts per channel minimum RMS into eight ohms from 20 Hz-20 kHz with no more than 0.03% total harmonic distortion.

But that's only one reason to buy the SA-1000. Dynamic range is another. To capture the volume, clarity and sheer dynamics of a live symphony, you need an equally dynamic amplifier section. Like 72,000 μ F worth of high-capacitance filtering, separate DC rectifiers, current-mirror loading and direct coupling. The results are impressive: tremendous reserve power, negligible transient crosstalk distortion and excellent stability.

And just for the record, the SA-1000's phono equalizer gives you everything from a super-high S/N ratio of 97 dB (10 mV, IHF A). To a phono input that can handle a 300 mV signal at 1 kHz.

On FM you'll get outstanding specs plus two RF stages with low-noise, 4-pole, dual-gate MOS FETs, Technics-developed flat group delay filters and a Phase Locked Loop IC in the MPX section.

FM Sensitivity IHF 5B Stereo 50 dB*	FM Selectivity	Stereo Separation at 1 kHz
0.5 μ V 36.2 dB	85 dB	50 dB

*IHF '75 standard.

As good as all that sounds, Technics Acoustic Control makes it sound even better, because it adds low and high range boost and filter switches which vary the way each tone control performs at a particular setting. There's also a midrange control with a variable center frequency. And 24 LED peak-power indicators that let you keep an eye on what your ears will hear.

The Technics SA-1000. In the world of receivers, it bats 1000.

Technics
by Panasonic

**A few receivers give you 0.03% THD.
Only Technics gives it to you with
330 watts per channel.**



Anyone with a
Canon,
Konica,
Minolta,
Nikon,
Olympus,
Pentax,
Yashica,
or any other 35 mm camera
would love this Kodak gift for Christmas.



Kodak Carousel slide projectors

The dependable ones. They keep getting better and better.

From less than \$123.

Price is subject to change without notice.

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Kodak gifts say
"open me first"
to save Christmas
in pictures.

Merger on Madison Avenue

The biggest gets bigger

Superlatives are never exactly in short supply in the advertising business, but the news that came out of the world's largest ad firm last week really was a stunner. Announcing the biggest merger in Madison Avenue history, the Interpublic Group of Companies, the Manhattan-based agency holding company that is the industry's General Motors (1978 billings: \$1.9 billion), announced that it was acquiring SSC & B, the U.S.'s eighth largest agency (billings: \$750 million), for an undisclosed price. The acquisition of SSC & B (formerly Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell & Bayles) would boost Interpublic's combined billings to more than \$2.6 billion, making it almost twice the size of its nearest international rival, Japan's Dentsu, and all but dwarfing the two other U.S. giants, J. Walter Thompson and Young & Rubicam.

The deal, which is expected to get easy approval from both firms' stockholders, would further increase Interpublic's foreign business, which already accounts for 33% of its revenues (\$248.3 million last year). Three-fourths of SSC & B's reve-



SSC & B's Seaman (left) with Foley and Galer

The best asset is the best professionals.

nues (\$113 million) came from abroad last year. Besides a solid roster of packaged-goods clients (Lever Bros. and American Brands, among others), SSC & B has a reputation for market-research savvy as well as a strong management. Says Interpublic Chairman Paul Foley: "In an acquisition like this, you look for the

best professionals. That's the real asset you acquire."

The deal will help SSC & B to act on a long-postponed plan to buy out the 51% of the Lintas agency network still owned by Unilever, the British-Dutch food, detergent and toiletries concern. SSC & B bought 49% of Lintas from Unilever in 1970, but until now has been unable to pull together enough capital to make good on an option to buy the rest.

SSC & B will become the fifth agency under the tent of Interpublic, a company founded on the still somewhat radical idea that an advertising enterprise can prosper by acquiring a lot of firms that are allowed, even encouraged, to compete with one another. The firm's mainstay remains McCann-Erickson, which bills more than \$1 billion annually in ads from a long list of blue-chip clients, including Miller Brewing and Exxon. The Marchbanks agency, which was a small outfit when McCann-Erickson bought it in 1955, is now one of the fastest-growing U.S. ad firms, handling such heavyweights as Gillette, Heublein and Paine Webber. Erwin Wasey, a West Coast firm that joined the Interpublic fold in 1963, and Detroit-based Campbell-Ewald, a 1972 acquisition, have also prospered. The parent company decides basic policy, sets annual goals and provides central services such as legal, financial and marketing support.

The "Animal Handler"

Four months after being ousted as president of Ford Motor Co., and six days after he had stunned the auto world by taking the same post at troubled Chrysler Corp., Lee Iacocca, 54, sat down with TIME Correspondents Barrett Seaman and Paul Witteman to muse about his new job and his industry. Iacocca's conversation is pure stream of consciousness, leaping from topic to topic at machine-gun speed; it is also refreshingly blunt and unencumbered by modesty. Excerpts:

ON WHY HE CHOSE HIS NEW EMPLOYER: I had many offers to be chief executive of big [non-auto] companies. But when I was 14 I decided to go into the auto business. [At Princeton University] I went for a master's degree in engineering and I built an automatic transmission, a torque converter, by hand; that was my thesis. [At Ford] I got pretty damn good, just through the passage of time. After 32 years I really became, in my trade, a brilliant brain surgeon and suddenly I find myself dismissed, shocked, and my thoughts were: "I don't want to operate on a guy's feet, because I won't be good at that; I'm a brain surgeon." And that was the auto business to me: I figured that's where I'm strong and where I can do things easy.

HIS ROLE: My job is to handle the team. The animal handler and trainer, that's me. And I can do it because I've been there: I've made every goddam mistake there is to make.

HIS STRATEGY: I don't need to tell you that we aren't making any money around here. We've got to husband our resources; there will have to be some retrenchment as already

indicated by our moving out of Europe. [At home] we have to be more selective than the other guys. We can't stand the luxury of play periods. The bigger you are, the easier you can say: "Let's do a Corvette, boys. We won't make money for ten years, but so what? It's an image builder." We don't have any money to build image. We've got to build good cars, sell them in volume and make money.

THE FEDERAL MILEAGE STANDARDS: That action alone took one of the biggest industries in the U.S., one of the biggest em-

ployers, one of the biggest taxpayers, and accelerated the requirement for capital and the demands for people. We have guys working 16, 18 hours a day about to fall down at their desks. And the industry is having difficulty as these years kick in at two miles a gallon each. When the heat turns on through '82 and '83, it's going to separate the men from the boys.

GOVERNMENT REGULATION: I don't want to preside over a \$10,000 Omni. But I don't see anything that's going to deter [the regulators] from making their appointed rounds. The way things are—and you don't have to be a mathematician to take \$5,000 [roughly the present price of the Omni] and compound it for five years at 10% inflation rates and then add on

all these goodies—it could be a \$10,000 car!

HIS GOALS: I really believe that if we can turn this company around, then I will have capped a career. I will have helped 200,000 people in their livelihoods. We are the biggest private employer in Detroit; I would have helped the city. They won't know it, but I will have helped GM and Ford compete more. So what the hell more would you want to do to end an auto career? The only other option, I guess, was to take all my money and run.



Automaker Iacocca

but the agencies are left to fight for clients on their own. Says SSC & B President Alfred J. Seaman: "If we had a new business prospect, I would want us to compete just as hard against McCann-Erickson and Campbell-Ewald as we would against Young & Rubicam."

Interpublic's latest acquisition reflects an accelerating trend toward bigness in the ad business. Part of the reason is that large multinational clients need agencies that can supply a broad range of services from ad production to test marketing worldwide. At the same time, there will probably always be a place for the nimble, specialized "boutique" ad shops that live mainly on their creative flair. The losers in the shifting pattern are likely to be the middle-size full-service agencies that are not big enough to compete with the leaders and not agile enough to beat out the small fry. In the future, predicts Interpublic President Philip Geier Jr., "there will be a lot of large companies and a lot of small ones." And Interpublic, he believes, will stay at the top. ■

Let My People Go

To Jerusalem and Cairo

Ever since Moses led the children of Israel out of the house of bondage, traffic between Egypt and the Promised Land has been relatively intense. It has been curbed during 30 years of hostilities, but one fruit of a Middle East peace agreement would be a surge in the tourist trade.

In Cairo some days ago, an Egyptian bank clerk asked a foreign customer what the weather was like in Israel. The clerk and her friends are planning a spring vacation there. Easter should be particularly busy. Many of Egypt's 6 million Coptic Christians intend to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, which is their most holy city. Huge numbers of Israelis are eager to see the pyramids, which some think their forefathers built (historians are doubtful).

Travel companies are leaping into action. Israel's Egged Bus Cooperative is preparing a Tel Aviv-Cairo trip for \$6 one way. El Al hopes to start regular air service between the two cities. Shipping operators are planning a car-ferry service between Haifa or Ashdod and Port Said. To speed these plans, Israeli tourist officials have been trying to confer with their Egyptian counterparts at various international meetings.

Egypt's hotel shortage may cause a squeeze, but construction is now under way by many companies, including Hilton, Intercontinental and Marriott. On both sides of the Sinai, tourist officials foresee a bonanza as international travelers rush to visit both countries in a single trip. Says Fuad Shady, an official of the Nile Hilton: "We have the greatest tourist package in the world—the Holy Land combined with the world of the Pharaohs—and a great year-round climate." ■

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Rise of the Role Model

Of all the shallow, sexist questions put to Marina von Neumann Whitman, the one about the gerbils infuriates her most. How did the family gerbils like the trip from Pittsburgh to Washington when she served on the President's Council of Economic Advisers in 1972-73? Macho editors, who would never put such a question to a man, still send women's page reporters to interview her, and well-meaning businessmen still give her head-patting lectures to explain balance sheets. Whitman smiles at the condescension and responds with her ultimate put-down: a stunning soliloquy on international economics.

She can laugh because she has arrived. She is no longer merely the precocious daughter of famed Mathematician John von Neumann, or just the Radcliffe *summa* who became the first of several modern women to break into high economic policymaking in Washington. A happy wife and mother of two, Whitman, 43, frames corporate policy as a director of Westinghouse, Procter & Gamble and the Manufacturers Hanover bank, conducts a weekly TV economics program, teaches at the University of Pittsburgh and travels everywhere advising officials on the global economy. Says Whitman: "I've advanced from a freak to a role model so fast that it sometimes leaves me dizzy."

Her specialty is in demand these days because the dollar is under intensive care, and everybody asks her how it will fare. Not badly, replies Whitman. Because it is still undervalued, prices of U.S. exports are down and prices of imports are up—and people do respond to price changes. Look at the drop in Datsun and Volkswagen sales in America, she says, and at Detroit's unaccustomed competitiveness in foreign markets. In time, the U.S. will repair its trade balance if—a big if—it can keep inflation from eating away its improved competitive situation.



The dollar's decline was accelerated by hard-headed investors, primarily corporations and banks, that have been hedging their positions in money markets. "The line between hedging and speculation is pretty thin," says Whitman. Yet she believes that corporate money men will rush to buy dollars as soon as they become convinced that the U.S. will stick to a clear-cut economic policy. In Whitman's view, the Administration's dollar-revival plan consists of one Band-Aid and one magic bullet. The move to big intervention—selling gold, buying dollars—will barely patch a scratch. But the shift to tighter money, she believes, will be the real cure for the dollar's debilities. The trouble is, the early side effects will be bad: higher interest rates, which lead to higher prices for a while. In time, however, the stringent money policy will force inflation down and push the dollar up.

What scares Whitman is that the turn to a more stable world monetary system may not come soon enough. People may panic and retreat behind walls of protectionism. Says Whitman: "There is an increasing sense that the postwar dream has failed, and that the only hope is to form regional trade blocs, with every bloc for itself." Europe's Common Market is one of the great imaginative ideas of the 20th century, she continues, but right now the Europeans are debating whether to turn inward or outward.

Protectionist pressures may intensify because South Korea, Hong Kong, Taiwan and Singapore are becoming new Japan. Their advances have been nurtured by the West's aid, so it would be doubly tragic if the West tried to throttle them with tariffs and quotas. If protectionism bursts out, Whitman warns, "the worst casualties would be the least well-off countries. The industrialized countries would muddle through. But all economies would grow more slowly, and that would exacerbate the issue of income distribution. It's a lot easier to redistribute a growing pie than a stagnant one."

Yet her native optimism persuades Whitman that sense and sanity will ultimately prevail. She is hopeful that the world trade negotiations, now grinding slowly in Geneva, will reach a creative conclusion by their Dec. 15 deadline. Such talks are a classic chicken game, and nothing is ever decided until the last 24 hours. What happens in the final hours may well determine whether the world economy springs ahead or merely limps along in the 1980s.

And what ever happened to those gerbils? They weathered the trip nicely, thank you. So did their mistress.



"An outstanding corporation, like an outstanding athlete, has an instinct for being in the right place at the right time. For instance, consider Saxon Industries.

They're in America's homes and restaurants with Fonda. The stronger brand of disposable plates, cups and food containers.

Today, more women are working. Dining "in" has become more casual. And families are eating out more than ever.

Disposables are becoming a basic part of our year 'round life. And that means a very bright future for Fonda."

Fonda is one of the leading manufacturers of consumer and foodservice disposables. They aren't the only perfectly positioned Saxon products.

We're Saxon copying machines, the copiers that helped start the trend toward smaller, smarter, less expensive

A GREAT PITCHER TALKS ABOUT THE CHANGE IN HOME PLATES.

Whitey Ford on Saxon Industries and Fonda disposables.

copiers. Through our network of independent dealers and Saxon's own sales and service offices, we're making copying easier for all of America.

We're Nunsun, a film that transforms ordinary glass into heat-reflective mirror glass. It blocks out the sun's rays in the summer. And it keeps in heat in the winter. Truly an energy saver for all seasons.

We're Hoyle, one of the biggest names in playing cards and games—a large part of the growing leisure market.

We're Brown & Bigelow, the nation's largest producer of advertising calendars. Our calendars, gifts, premiums and specialty items give businesses that vital competitive edge.

We're a highly diverse company with thousands of products. And we'd like to tell you more about them and ourselves.

Contact Charles V. Morris, V.P. Corporate Relations, Dept. T-11 Saxon Industries, Inc.,

1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020, (212) 246-9500.



SAXON INDUSTRIES, INC.
We're in the right place at the right time.

THE FUTURA IS NOW.

Right now! Ford Futura gives you advanced styling with the look of tomorrow today. A sporty coupe with all the style and flair that's just right for the life you're livin'. You don't have to wait for the future to afford an expensive personal car. You're ready for Futura—now!



Now is a sporty way of life. Futura matches it with a sporty rack and pinion steering and an economical 2.3 litre overhead cam engine with 4-speed manual transmission.*



Now means personal style. Add your own touch. Order your own personal Futura to your own personal taste.



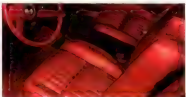
Now is a flip-up open air roof... open up your roof and let the sunshine in.



Now means you've got your own style... and we've got the car to match.



Now means luxury touches and high style, coming and going. Why not the optional touch of power windows?



Now is comfort. The luxury of 5-passenger roominess.

FORD FAIRMONT FUTURA

FORD DIVISION



*EPA estimates 31 MPG highway, 22 MPG city. Your actual mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment. California ratings are lower.



The future isn't someday, it's now. Why wait? Step into the '79 Futura—now!

Show Business

Joan Crawford's Other Life

In a bestseller, a daughter accuses her of savagery

Not since Lizzie Borden gave her mother 40 whacks has a daughter wreaked such vengeance on her mother. But instead of using an ax as a weapon, Christina Crawford has wielded a pen—in a book, *Mommie Dearest*, that is the publishing gossip sensation of the fall season. The reason for all the interest is that Mommie is the late Joan Crawford, one of the great movie stars of the '30s and '40s, and, if the book is to be believed, also one of the worst parents of all time, a female Jekyll and Hyde capable of the most monstrous cruelty.

Well in advance of its official publication date last week, the book (Morrow: \$9.95) was stocked in the stores; 235,000 copies are already in print. Christina got an advance of \$225,000 when she turned in her manuscript, and paperback rights were sold for \$750,000. In addition, Paramount has bought the movie rights for \$300,000; Christina is getting \$200,000 to write the screenplay; and her husband, David Kootz, who has produced mostly commercials up until now, is getting another large but undisclosed sum to produce the film. In more than 40 years in Hollywood, Joan herself never saw such a sudden avalanche of dollars.

Joan adopted Christina in 1939, when she was only a few weeks old. Her infant brother, Christopher, was adopted four years later, and two younger sisters, Cathy and Cynthia, were added to the family in 1947. Various husbands and lovers wandered in and out, but none of the children ever had anyone who could pass as a father.

For the first few years of Christina's life, up until the age of five or six, she says, Joan was a warm, loving mother. After that, or about the time Christina began to have an identity and a mind of her own, Joan became a tyrant, and her 22-room Brentwood house a gilded Gulag. Suddenly, spurred on by alcohol, Joan would be seized by fits of madness and would storm through the house, screaming obscenities.

One night Christina had a dispute with her mother about her schooling. Christina said something that "struck at some volcanic trauma in the center of her being that erupted with a violence, a hatred and a suddenness that plunged



Christina Crawford

Chopping the roses in a gilded Gulag

both of us into an instantaneous struggle for survival. She leaped off the counter and grabbed for my throat like a mad dog. I lost my footing and fell to the floor, hitting my head on the ice chest as I went down. The choking pain of her fingers around my throat met the thudding ache of the blow to the back of my head. ... Her mouth was twisted with rage and her eyes—her eyes were the eyes of a killer



Chris and Christina visiting Mommie Dearest during filming of *Mildred Pierce*
"She leaped off the counter and grabbed for my throat like a mad dog"

animal, glistening with excitement."

On another night Chris and Christina were roused from their beds to find a maniacal Joan cutting down her beautiful rose garden. They were then ordered with the servants to cart away the remains. "We were all scratched and bleeding," Christina says. "[but] Mother wouldn't let us stop until we were finished."

Bad as life was for Christina, it was worse for Chris. To smother his boyish spirits, Joan bought a "sleep safe," a harness-like gadget used to keep babies from rolling out of bed. Joan, however, had it modified for a growing boy and strapped Chris into bed every night until he was twelve. If he needed to go to the toilet, he had to call Joan, who was often not around, or persuade Christina to disobey orders and release him.

Throughout the book Christina maintains that she loved her mother, but it is a kind of love that sounds very much like hate. Chris, who is a \$200-a-week electrical lineman on Long Island, knows exactly how he feels: "I hated the bitch," a *Newsday* reporter quotes him as saying. "I honestly to this day do not believe that she ever cared for me." He may very well be right: Joan disinherited both of her older children, leaving them out of an estate estimated at about \$2 million. Chris and Christina are now challenging the will in court, claiming that their mother was a "habitual, heavy user of alcohol" who was confused by cancer when she wrote it. They further charge that their sister Cathy and her husband turned their mother against them.

For her part, Cathy, who lives in Allentown, Pa., says that she is "ashamed, heartbroken and disgusted" that the book was ever written. "Christina described my mother as everything horrible. It is so unbalanced! Maybe my relationship with my mother was good and Christina's was not. But I do know that my mother was not a monster."

Why did Christina not write her book when her mother was alive to defend herself? "The story was not yet finished," she replies, somewhat disingenuously. "I had no idea how it would end." Many of Joan's friends, some of whom confirm the basic facts of Christina's grim tale, are nonetheless sorry that it ended this way. "I cried when I read the book," says one of them. Screenwriter Leonard Spigelglass "But I really cried for Joan. There is an absolute nausea among her friends in learning these things."

The IBM Electronic Typewriter. A machine that lives up to your secretary's skills.

Chances are, your secretary spends a good deal of time at a typewriter.

And, chances are, a lot of that time is not devoted to typing. It's spent on peripheral matters that have always been a necessary but unproductive part of the typing process.

Like erasing errors. Backspacing to put in an underscore. Counting characters in order to center a line. Making tedious calculations for plotting column layouts and aligning numbers.

Such tasks require little talent. In fact, they are a costly and frustrating waste of talent. They constitute, for management, a problem area that cries out for a solution.

IBM has developed a solution.

The IBM Electronic Typewriter® performs most routine typing functions automatically. Electronic logic takes over the labor of centering, word and line underscoring, erasing (from a single word to a whole line), column layout and number alignment. It also offers a valuable new capability: phrase storage with automatic payout.

The net result of such electronic assistance is

to make typing generally more productive.

More of the routine work of typing is now done by the typewriter, allowing the secretary to exercise skill and judgment, avoiding much tedium.

In a typewriter that does so much, it's important to point out what it *doesn't* do.

It *doesn't* require extensive retraining of your secretary. The keyboard is standard and the extra keys that control automatic functions are clearly marked.

It *doesn't* take up extra office space. A well-designed unit of pleasing appearance, it fits on top of an ordinary typewriter desk. There are no accessories. The machine is completely self-contained.

A skilled secretary deserves appropriate equipment. The combination is good for people and good for business.

Call your IBM Office Products Division Representative for a demonstration at your own office.

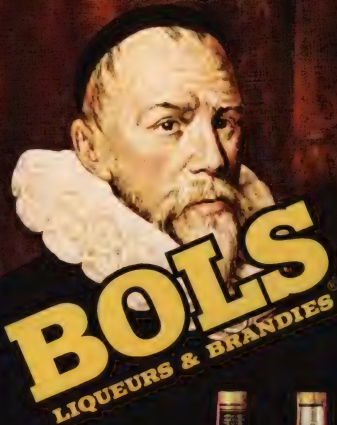
The IBM logo, consisting of the letters "IBM" in a bold, sans-serif font, with a small registered trademark symbol (®) to the upper right.

Office Products Division

The IBM Electronic Typewriter.



LUCAS BOLS...
as famous as Rembrandt.
And older.



On the docks of Old Amsterdam, master distiller Lucas Bols gathered the world's most exotic flavor essences from the trade routes of Dutch mariners.

With an artist's skill, he blended nature's delicate creations and the finest ingredients into flavorful liquid pastels. Each the very portrait of perfection.

Today, we invite you to experience the world famous sensation of flavor and color in liqueurs passed down in the Bols gallery of masterpieces. Bols...preparing for your pleasure since 1575.



LIQUEURS AND BRANDIES 30-76 PROOF • PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A.
UNDER PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF THE AMSTERDAM DIRECTORS
ERVEN LUCAS BOLS DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Cinema



Sorvino and Ditchburn in *Slow Dancing*
Meeting in mid-mediocrity

burn of the National Ballet of Canada) move in down the hall from the columnist (Paul Sorvino). There are a number of chance encounters in which she gradually warms to his streetwise but not hardened sensibility, just as he comes to appreciate her strangely withdrawn nature.

Eventually, of course, he discovers that she is ill and trying to hide her affliction from her ballet master, trying to hide, as well, her growing feelings for the writer. He, too, is preoccupied. He almost misses her brief victory over pain and the tough New York audience because he is trying, unsuccessfully, to save a young boy from his evil, heroin-pushing older brother. Finally, the columnist makes it to the theater, just in time to carry Ditchburn onstage for her curtain calls after her legs have given out. It is surely one of the most embarrassingly heartwarming climaxes in movie history, but somehow appropriate to a movie that would have been too sentimental and preposterous even for Louis B. Mayer.

As usual in Avildsen's work, the direction is on the nose, with no discomfiting originality to disturb audiences. The veteran Sorvino knows enough to be somewhat hangdog about what he is called upon to do, but Ditchburn is too new to the game to be even slightly humiliated by all this nonsense. They meet somewhere in the middle of mediocrity to form their little ensemble. It is a measure of just how careless the raptures of cynicism are that Avildsen tries to pass off an ancient Newark concert hall as Lincoln Center, which it in no way resembles. Of course, if you attempt to fust off a romance as silly as this one, developing it in a totally banal fashion, then you must believe that the public will accept almost anything. Given *Rocky's* record, this is an understandable belief, but one rather expects *Slow Dancing's* performance at the box office may shatter it.

—Richard Schickel

It comes to some as a rich, lingering moment
and maybe it can to you.
Because when you put on a piece of real gold jewelry, it is a different feeling.
Real gold jewelry goes beyond fashion.

You don't wear it just to complement an outfit, you wear it
because it's personal—because it expresses you.

Real gold jewelry always means Karat Gold Jewelry
and you'll find its Karat marking (such as 14K, or 18K) on the back of every piece.
Karat Gold Jewelry, a chain, a bracelet or a ring.

For the next ten thousand mornings of your life.

Nothing else feels like real gold.



Karat Gold Jewelry



America's

The New

This is it, America.

This is the car more people buy today than any other.

The new generation full-size car loaded with advanced technology and proven in the hands of more than a million owners during its first two years on the market.

And as you can see, The New

Chevrolet is still one of the newest new cars around. Crisp. Contemporary.

Efficient in its use of space, materials and fuel.

More efficient with space.

The New Chevrolet is a comfortable 6-passenger car with more head room and more rear-seat leg room than the 1976 full-size Chevrolet

it replaced.

It also has more usable luggage space in the trunk, all laid out for easy loading and unloading.

More efficient with fuel.

The New Chevrolet is more efficient with fuel than the '76 full-size Chevrolet. EPA mileage estimates for 1979 are 21 mpg highway, 16 city with the



pace car.

Chevrolet.

Shown: 1979 Caprice Sedan in Silver Classic Custom Two-Tone

available 5.0 Litre (305 Cu. In.) V8 and automatic transmission. Estimates lower in California.

Your mileage will vary depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition and available equipment.

[The New Chevrolet is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer

for details.]

More reasons to buy.

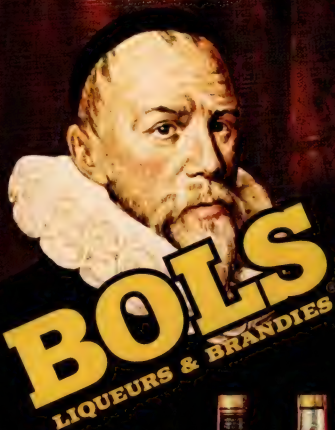
You'll love its clean and classic look, its smooth and quiet ride, its strong and solid Body by Fisher.

Automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes and radial tires are all standard. Choice of Sedan, Coupe or Wagon. It all adds up to

what we call "deep-down Chevy value." Talk to your Chevrolet dealer soon about buying or leasing a 1979 Caprice or Impala, also known as "The New Chevrolet." It's the car America has driven to the top. Enthusiastically.

Chevrolet

LUCAS BOLS...
as famous as Rembrandt.
And older.



On the docks of Old Amsterdam, master distiller Lucas Bols gathered the world's most exotic flavor essences from the trade routes of Dutch mariners.

With an artist's skill, he blended nature's delicate creations and the finest ingredients into flavorful liquid pastels. Each the very portrait of perfection.

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Meeting in mid-mediocrity

burn of the National Ballet of Canada) move in down the hall from the columnist (Paul Sorvino). There are a number of chance encounters in which she gradually warms to his streetwise but not hardened sensibility, just as he comes to appreciate her strangely withdrawn nature.

Eventually, of course, he discovers that she is ill and trying to hide her affliction from her ballet master, trying to hide, as well, her growing feelings for the writer. He, too, is preoccupied. He almost misses her brief victory over pain and the tough New York audience because he is trying, unsuccessfully, to save a young boy from his evil, heroin-pushing older brother. Finally, the columnist makes it to the theater, just in time to carry Ditchburn onstage for her curtain calls after her legs have given out. It is surely one of the most embarrassingly heartwarming climaxes in movie history, but somehow appropriate to a movie that would have been too sentimental and preposterous even for Louis B. Mayer.

As usual in Avildsen's work, the direction is on the nose, with no discomfiting originality to disturb audiences. The veteran Sorvino knows enough to be somewhat hangdog about what he is called upon to do, but Ditchburn is too new to the game to be even slightly humiliated by all this nonsense. They meet somewhere in the middle of mediocrity to form their little ensemble. It is a measure of just how careless the raptures of cynicism are that Avildsen tries to pass off an ancient Newark concert hall as Lincoln Center, which it in no way resembles. Of course, if you attempt to foist off a romance as silly as this one, developing it in a totally banal fashion, then you must believe that the public will accept almost anything. Given *Rocky*'s record, this is an understandable belief, but one rather expects *Slow Dancing*'s performance at the box office may shatter it.

—Richard Schickel

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Knight Errant

PERCEVAL

Directed by Eric Rohmer

Adapted from Chrétien de Troyes

There has never been a movie director more doggedly intellectual than Eric Rohmer. When characters get between his sheets, they grapple not with each other but with the conundrums of Pascal or the doctrines of Jansenism, principle and passion clash in all-night discussions. But Rohmer is also one of the wittiest of directors and, defying all the usual rules of film making, he has turned out some of the most delightful movies of the past decade: *My Night at Maud's*, *Claire's Knee*, *Chloe in the Afternoon* and *The Marquise of O...* In *Perceval* he goes one fatal step further; it is not merely an intellectual movie. It is the essence of an intellectual movie and boring beyond all reasonable accounting.

The story is adapted from the narrative of the 12th century French poet Chrétien de Troyes, who wrote the first formal version of the Grail legend. Perceval (Fabrice Luchini), a Welsh lad of sublime simplicity, encounters five knights galloping after distressed damsels. At first he takes the warriors for angels,



Fabrice Luchini as the questing Perceval

Expect no more than a kiss.

but when he learns they are men like himself, he sets out to find King Arthur, that famous knight maker. Perceval's mother had told him to help ladies in trouble but to expect no more than a kiss, and perhaps a ring, in return. He misreads her advice and, finding a lady lounging happily in her tent, yanks off her ring and steals seven kisses.

Eventually he finds Arthur (Marc Ey-

raud), who is in a sulk because the Red Knight is trying to seize his land. Perceval puts a spear through the fellow's eye, and Arthur dubs him the new Red Knight. Various adventures follow, with Perceval rescuing maidens, downing oppressors and entering enchanted houses. Invariably, however, he misconstrues good advice. When he does see the Holy Grail, he does not recognize it or ask about it, having been told by a wise old man that a good knight keeps his mouth shut. For that error he is cursed. He has become a knight, but lost his faith.

Rohmer's telling of the story is highly stylized. The actors speak in rhyming verse, and much of the narrative is provided by a chorus, playing medieval instruments. Luchini is more a suggestion of a knight than a knight himself. With a receding chin, concave chest, and dangling, half-open mouth, he looks as if he would be afraid to kill a mouse with a trap, much less joust with a man in armor. The sets are also symbolic, rather than realistic—sculptured trees, cardboard castles, painted skies—and they have the strange beauty of a Dalí painting. But the beauty quickly palls. Rohmer's films have always been an acquired and sometimes peculiar taste, like snails. Even for diehards, however, *Perceval* may seem, alas, more like tripe.

—Gerald Clarke



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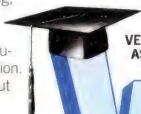
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The Cleveland Quartet performing at the Aspen Music Festival



The Tokyo String Quartet: candlelight-and-champagne playing

Music

A Mellow Revolution

The charms of elegant ensembles are sweeping the country

IT is a season of celebration at Lincoln Center: not the opera this time or the ballet or symphony, but chamber music. The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the smallest member of the musical circle, is observing its tenth anniversary in the grand manner of the Met. There was the four-tiered monument of a cake that was wheeled onstage at Alice Tully Hall during the first concert (with a slice for everyone in the audience afterward). An imposing, six-foot-long version was the focus of the society's "street fair" birthday evening on the New York State Theater Promenade. Musical styles and centuries mingled: Mozart and Telemann, Renaissance dulcimers, an "Easy on the Tuba" jug band.

The celebration might well be for all chamber music. Not so long ago, it was burdened with the image of four old men sawing away in rusty black suits. But over the past decade, as the performing arts boomed in the U.S., people discovered the intimate beauty of chamber music, and it burgeoned in popularity. On Dec. 10, it will receive the official blessing of national television, when *Live from Lincoln Center* (PBS) airs its first Chamber Music Society performance.

There are now more than 1,000 professional ensembles in America. Some 200 cities hold chamber-music series. Colleges want to have groups as residents on campus. "The young seem turned off by spectaculars," says Cellist Paul Katz of the Cleveland Quartet, which is based at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester. Members of the Chicago Symphony alone have formed 15 chamber ensembles.

One inescapable reason for the flowering of chamber music is economic: a top group can be engaged for around \$4,500, compared with up to \$15,000 a night for a diva or a virtuoso pianist. Another attraction is that the repertoire is seemingly limitless in number (hundreds of string quartets alone) and variety (duos for two, nonets for nine). The Juilliard String Quartet plays 600 works from three centuries. Other groups, like the Theater Chamber Players and the 20th Century Consort, both in Washington, D.C., focus heavily on contemporary works. Says Sergio Luca, founder of the popular Chamber Music Northwest series in Portland, Ore.: "We are small enough to be easily marketed, easily paid for, and varied enough to attract a wide range of listeners. So we are a winner."

But chamber music is not by nature a crowd pleaser. It is an aristocratic, rather austere music that disdains the flashier effects of symphonies and operas. Its beauty lies in its miniature, jewel-like detail and an almost translucent texture that is best appreciated in smaller concert halls. But its simple air is deceptive: chamber music is murderously difficult to play well. If a performer is too flamboyant, he up-ends the others. If one violin is off pitch, all instruments sour. Each line is naked, each player dependent on the others to "breathe" together, in order to get the right pitch, intonation and rhythm.

The Chamber Music Society, which with a slight bit of license has been called the musical success story of the generation, has managed all of the right notes. In 1965, when Composer William Schuman, then president of Lincoln Center, first planned a resident chamber group, there was not that much chamber music to be heard in the country. Audiences were largely Middle Europeans, homesick for the quartets of Beethoven and Brahms. "Word had not gotten out about the beauty of the repertoire," says Pianist Charles Wadsworth, 49, the society's first and only artistic director.

Wadsworth recruited first-rate virtuosos, including Paula Robison on flute, Gervase de Peyer on clarinet and Walter Trampler on viola, and the society was under way. Beverly Sills, Rudolf Serkin,

Tashi, a free-wheeling young quartet that sounds like a jam session of pros



The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in concert



Isaac Stern and other stars joined in occasionally for extra excitement. Wadsworth unearthed some rarities (Ludwig Spohr's duos for two violins, for example) to add variety to the standard repertoire. An evening might include a little-known Boccherini quintet and a world premiere by Samuel Barber, along with classics by Mozart or Schubert.

From 16 concerts in its initial 1969-70 season, the society has expanded to 60 nationwide, always to full houses. The resubscription rate is a staggering 90%, and more than 200 hopefuls are pining on the waiting list. Pleading letters fill the files, like the one from a man who lost his tickets in a divorce settlement and begged for another pair.

The society has earned that adulation with exacting performance standards. Rehearsal time may run as much as 18 hours for a new work. Sometimes sessions are tense: the air vibrates with strings and stress. Before the anniversary concert, the problem at hand was William Schuman's "In Sweet Music," *Serenade on a Setting of Shakespeare*, a world premiere appropriately selected for the celebration. The four performers—Robison, Trampler, Mezzo Jan De Gaetani and Harpist Osian Ellis—crept through the score bar by bar, debating tempos and cues and occasionally defusing the tension with jokes:

Robison: It says on my score to play this passage "with almost purity and simplicity." Somebody crossed that out and wrote "almost."

Ellis: "Almost" would be more practical.

By performance time, however, "In Sweet Music" was just that. It had become a lovely, dark-hued mix of instruments and voices, of harmonies hovering just at the edge of dissonance.

The eleven-member society draws strength from flexibility in members. Says Robison: "We have the freedom of not being a quartet. Getting away from each other gives us a sense of humor." But the heart of chamber music has always been the quartet. The Budapest—four Russians who began to play in the U.S. in the 1930s and performed together until 1967—dominated American chamber playing for decades. Its music had an exquisite surface and loving depths, and it gloried in the 16 Beethoven quartets. In 1946 another major, and distinctly American-style, quartet appeared: the Juilliard. It championed modernism with messianic zeal, reveling in Schoenberg and Bartók. Its explosive energy and furious tempos sometimes unnerved audiences. "Western European playing produced rich sound, like overstuffed furniture," says Founder and First Violinist Robert Mann, the only survivor of the original Juilliard. "They used more bow speed than pressure; we dug the sound out, and got bite and rhythmic impetus."

Since World War II, several other

groups have risen to international rank, most notably the silken-toned Guarneri Beaux Arts, a pre-eminent trio; and the La Salle Quartet, superb interpreters of modern music. But the most important development in the field has been the blossoming of many brilliant young groups. Still in their 20s and 30s, the players are already technically fluent, with a maturity of interpretation remarkable for their age. Four standouts among many:

The Tokyo String Quartet, now in residence at Yale, continues the candlelight-and-champagne tradition of Guarneri. They were discovered by the Juilliard in Japan, and later came to America to study in New York. In 1970 they spent a grueling two months rehearsing eight to ten hours a day for the prestigious International Music Competition in Munich. They won. "We didn't want any of this made-in-Japan stuff," quips Cellist Sadao Harada. With its sweet, delicate sound and creamy phrases, the Tokyo seems



The Concord String Quartet at Dartmouth

"If they can write them, we can play them."

more Old World than Far East. Appropriately, the group favors Mozart and Haydn: a spectacular Haydn cycle is among its best recordings.

The Cleveland Quartet's sound lies somewhere between the Guarneri and Juilliard. Its repertoire tends toward the traditional, but the playing is both vigorous and polished. The Cleveland cut its tone the hard way. The group was asked in 1971 to take up residency at the State University of New York at Buffalo, but on one condition: each year it had to play the formidable Beethoven quartets, continuing a tradition set by the Budapest in 1955. An intense group, the Cleveland mastered the lot, which it is recording for RCA.

The Concord String Quartet is rigorously modern. Although the ensemble avoids playing only the avant-garde—"You see the same 300 devotees at every new-music concert," says First Violinist Mark Sokol—the Dartmouth-based group has performed many premieres by such composers as George Rochberg, Hans Werner Henze and Lukas Foss. Its style is

propulsive and passionate, its sound taut. "If they can write them, we can play them," jokes Violist John Kochanowski of modern composers. The group's twelve contemporary recordings prove the point.

Tashi (Tibetan for good fortune) is the most radical and freewheeling of the young groups. An unusual combination of instruments—piano, violin or viola, cello and clarinet—Tashi adds or subtracts members and friends for various pieces, which range from Schubert to contemporary Japanese composer Toru Takemitsu. A Tashi concert is like a jam session of pros: the music sounds both spontaneous and polished. The four have recorded a superb version of Messiaen's *Quartet for the End of Time*, one of the few major works written for their mix of instruments.

Chamber musicians often speak of the "terrible intensity" of their lives. Top quartets can average 100 concerts a year, some 200 days on the road. Performances

are not always the rarefied affairs that one might imagine. When the Juilliard was playing once at Darmstadt, Germany, a contemporary music center, the crowd found the Elliott Carter quartet so passé that they talked and jeered throughout. Robert Mann retaliated by playing with his back to the crowd. When the Concord was playing at Vassar in 1972, the group had to stop twice in a lengthy George Rochberg quartet to replace broken strings. As he turned the last page, Violinist Sokol breathed a sigh of relief—and his music fluttered to the floor. When Cellist Norman Fischer bent down to retrieve it, he knocked over Second Violinist Andrew Jennings' stand. Then Fischer's own crashed over. It was a case of concerted collapse.

But chamber music is also a Circe.

For soloists like Isaac Stern, Leonard Rose and Eugene Istomin, it offers a vacation from the old warhorses. For amateurs, there is the simple appeal of playing the pieces, not just listening to them. The Amateur Chamber Music Players, Inc., a group founded in 1946 that promotes evenings of devoted playing, has grown to about 7,000 members. Its directories list names of eager players in almost every state and 60 foreign countries.

For great artists as well as amateurs, chamber music can call forth the deepest emotions. Not long ago, Artur Schnabel, who is 91, invited the Juilliard Quartet to rehearse at his Paris town house. After a leisurely lunch, the four went to work in the living room, with the old man listening. They had played only a few bars of Mozart when tears began to stream down Rubinstein's face. "I began to cry too," says Violinist Mann. "We all began to cry. It may not have been the best performance we ever gave, but it was certainly the most emotional." Said Rubinstein, now too blind to play the piano: "As I sat here with you, you made me realize what I am missing."

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Saturno cooks and cleans house while his mother tries to earn a living as a laundress (Philippines)



Mulviana's diet consists mainly of cassava flour mixed with a porridge (Indonesia)



Isomua suffers from a severe protein deficiency called kwashiorkor (Thailand)



Francisco lives in a house made of mud and sticks. He has no running water or electricity (Brazil)



Joseph's father cannot get a job. His mother works, but her meager earnings cannot feed the family (India)



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The Rembrandt of Punkin Crick

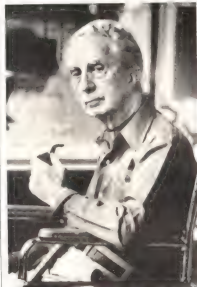
Death comes to a reticent monument of America

Norman Rockwell, such was his image: the Rembrandt of Punkin Crick, as one critic rather sourly called him, the folksy poet of a way of American life that slipped away as he set it down. "I do ordinary people in everyday situations," Norman Rockwell once declared, "and that's about all I can do." From the day in 1916 when he walked apprehensively into the offices of the *Saturday Evening Post*—already a magazine circulating 2 million copies a week—carrying a velvet-wrapped bundle of paintings and sketches to show to Editor George Lorimer, Rockwell was greeted by nothing but success. He began his career as a professional artist at a time when large-scale magazine color illustration, thanks to radically improved printing technology, had become one of the keys to mass culture—the television, one might say, of pre-electronic America. It was the illustrators' moment; born into it, Rockwell kept climbing. By 1920 he was the *Post's* star draftsman. By 1925 he had become a national name; and by the end of the Depression he was an American institution: it is unprovable, but probable, that Rockwell's images did more to bolster the assaulted values of American bourgeois life after the Crash than all the politicians' speeches lumped together.

When he died last week at 84 in his home in Stockbridge, Mass., Norman Rockwell shared with Walt Disney the extraordinary distinction of being one of the two artists familiar to nearly everyone in the U.S., rich or poor, black or white, museumgoer or not, illiterate or Ph.D. To a tiny minority of these people, Rockwell was a kitsch factory, turning out relentlessly sentimental icons of mid-cult virtue—family, kids, dogs and chickens, apple pie, Main Street and the flag—in the corniest of *retardataire* styles. But to most of them, Rockwell was a master: sane (unlike Van Gogh), comprehensible (unlike Picasso), modest (unlike Dali), and perfectly attuned to what they wanted in a picture.

A picture, not a painting, Rockwell's reputation was not made by museums and could not have been. He lived at a time when museum art tended to intimidate or bore the mass audience. His work addressed its vast public through reproduction. It was seen, not as painting, but as windows opening onto slices of life. Its minute verisimilitude—as well as the ham-actor exaggeration of every wink, scowl, smirk or pout on the faces of its characters—was designed to be transported into a mass medium, to survive the passage into ink compressed but unharmed. Rockwell's best illustrations tend

to have the depthless narrative clarity of a TV image, which is also the clarity of popular art. His design has a coarse, efficient impact on the eye, but what gripped his audience was his ravenous and unselective appetite for the surface of things. Every hair of every mutt got its share of picturesque completeness. So his work acquired the same kind of relationship (or lack of it) to modern art that scale modeling has to sculpture. Not one shape had any aesthetic interest, but the level of effort was as unstinting as the crafts-



Norman Rockwell in his studio, 1976

The television of pre-electronic America?

manship. Besides, the pictures were funny and corny. Nothing ironic, no bitterness, a mild poking of fun at human foibles, never subversive nuance or a flick of indignation. What you got was what you saw. Rockwell took pains to ensure an absolute authenticity of detail—costumes, furniture, every object just right for period and wear, and no other artist in America had his knack of making a chicken stand still to be painted. (You rocked it back and forth, he explained, for a minute or two, and that hypnotized it for five minutes.)

Yet this patient observation served to describe a dreamworld of small-town America. His paintings are not so much representations of reality as commercials for it. What they offer is Arcadia. In Rockwell's America, old people were not thrust like palsied, incontinent vegetables

into nursing homes by their indifferent offspring; they stayed basking in respect on the porch, apple-cheeked and immortally spry. Kids did not snort angel dust and get one another pregnant; they stole apples and swam in forbidden water holes, but said grace before meals. All soldiers were nice kids from next door; all politicians were benevolent or harmlessly bumbling (though Rockwell, faced with the task of committing Spiro Agnew to canvas for the cover of *TV Guide*, once allowed that the discredited Veep was not quite his type); the great fact of society was the continuity of the family, generation on generation. It was a world unmarked by doubt, violence and greed. The mountainous Thanksgiving turkey that appears in *Freedom from Want*, 1943, is an image of virtuous abundance rather than extravagance, a puritan tone confirmed by the glasses of plain water on the table.

Propagated through 317 *Saturday Evening Post* covers and countless other illustrations, this consoling fiction made Rockwell seem a reticent monument of Americanism. In 1976, more than 10,000 spectators and 2,000 participants turned out for a Rockwell parade during the Bicentennial in Stockbridge, where he lived with his third wife Molly Ponderson; for an hour and a half, float after float passed by, each bearing tableaux representing his most popular illustrations—the Four Freedoms, the Boy Scouts, the doctor solemnly examining a girl's broken doll, the returning G.I. G.I. Corny, certainly; but no American artist had ever received such an affecting tribute. By then Rockwell had outlived his subject matter, a fact that his fundamental decency did not permit him to ignore. "I really believed," he said six years earlier, "that the war against Hitler would bring the Four Freedoms to everyone. But I couldn't paint that today. I just don't believe it. I was doing this best-possible-world, Santadown-the-chimney, lovely-kids-adoring-their-kindly-grandpa sort of thing. And I liked it, but now I'm sick of it." In the '60s, glimpses of a less Arcadian society surfaced in his work—most memorably, an illustration of U.S. marshals escorting a small black girl to school in Little Rock, Ark. But these did not represent the essential Rockwell as far as his public was concerned. What they wanted was a friendly world, shielded from the calamities of history and the endemic doubts that are the modernist heritage, set down in detail, painted as an honest grocer weighs ham, slice by slice, nothing skimped; and Norman Rockwell gave it to them for 60 years. He never made an impression on the history of art, and never will. But on the history of illustration and mass communication his mark was deep, and will remain indelible.

—Robert Hughes



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



THE KIDNAP BILLIONAIRE After Robert Ralston

Five decades of Rockwell's work begin (left) with his first cover for the *Saturday Evening Post*, May 20, 1916. Then, clockwise from top left: *Freedom from Want*, one of a set of propaganda paintings of the Four Freedoms during World War II; Rockwell's mischievous urchins escaping from authority in *No Swimming*, 1921; America's C.I. Willie Gillis with food package, 1941; and Rockwell's triple self-portrait, done for the *Post* in 1960.



DEFENSE WITHOUT END
By GARET GARRETT

People



Michener with Pope John Paul II in his days as a Cardinal

Both have a penchant for writing and seeing the world, so Author **James Michener** and Karol Cardinal Wojtyla got along just fine. The meeting, which took place last July in the Cardinal's garden in Cracow, was to tape a segment of *James Michener's World*, an eight-part PBS special, narrated by Michener. After finishing the segment, entitled *Poland*:

Carroll as a galactic fantasy



The Will to Be, which airs Nov. 26. Michener observed about the man who was to become **Pope John Paul II**: "He reminds me of a north Texas high school gung-ho football coach in his late 40s who has been through hard times but takes it with a wonderful spirit." The Pope, says Michener, "isn't pompous at all, but quietly strong." Also humorous: "If this show goes well," John Paul II told Michener, "I'll expect a phone call from Hollywood."

A sexual fantasy in space? Why not? In television's latest *Star Wars* spin-off, *The Star Wars Holiday Special*, Nov. 17 on CBS, **Diahann Carroll** plays Mermia, a romantic vision from a water planet. She arrives on the screen when Atchituck, a 400-year-old member of the Wookiee family, sits down at a special machine designed to enliven the imagination, closes his eyes and thinks X ratings. "I was very happy for him that at age 400 he could still have sensual, sexual fantasies," says Carroll. 43.



"Princess Alice" Longworth talks teddy with Pendergrass



In front of his wife's portrait, Buckley is a man without a plot

"As a mere human, I was very jealous I don't have that to look forward to."

Washington's "other monument" got together with the pop world's rising star, and the talk was strictly bearish. Singer **Teddy Pendergrass**, a.k.a. Teddy Bear, had stopped off at the Embassy Row home of **Alice Roosevelt Longworth** to present her with an oversized, cuddly guess-what. The visit was to mark the 75th anniversary of the first Teddy bear, named after Alice's father. **Teddy Roo-**

sevelt. "It has a great big fat swollen face, with a little mouth on the edge. It's just waiting to be loved," shrugged the tart-tongued Princess. Alice: "I'm supposed to cherish it, I guess," added Longworth, now 94, who stopped collecting Teddy bears long ago.

On Jan. 16, 1979, at 4:30 in the afternoon, Swiss time. Conservative Columnist **William Buckley** knows just what he will be doing: starting his third novel. The author of *Saving the Queen* and *Stained Glass* is going to Rougemont, Switzerland, and has set aside five weeks to churn out another thriller. *Après-ski* and pre-harpichord practice, Buckley, 52, plans to produce 1,500 words a day. Why the regimen? "The 20th century notion that you should stare at the ceiling until the afflatus [inspiration] hits you is self-indulgent," harrumphs Buckley, who does admit to slight concern about having no plot so far. But, he adds brightly, "By January I'm confident that the ideas will come rolling out like toothpaste."

Dance

Fungus, Fantasy and Fun

A troupe named Pilobolus has a wildly creative itch

Pilobolus is a word so fine and fat as it rolls off the tongue that, like a kitten or a May morning, it needs no meaning, but in fact it has two. It is the name of a light-sensitive fungus that grows on horse dung—"a rather bawdy little fungus," according to Jonathan Wolken, who met the word and the fungus while studying biology at Dartmouth a few years ago. Wolken also studied modern dance, in an unserious way, in the class of a young teacher named Alison Chase. When he and Classmate Moses Pendleton found, to their total astonishment, that the strange gymnastic writhings they were inventing led to coherent routines, and then to the formation of a small dance troupe, the carefully unserious name for the new enterprise was at hand. Calling their troupe Pilobolus was, it seems now, an ironical reminder to themselves not to expect too much. Perhaps it was also a wry announcement to the ski racers and



Pendleton and Chase in *Shizen*



Martha Clarke and Robby Barnett in Pilobolus' signature piece *Untitled*

Aerobic slapstick? Abstract-expressionist mime? A head-over-heels tableau vivant?

white-water canoeists of the Hanover, N.H., campus that, dancers or not, they considered themselves more jocks than aesthetes.

A few frowning dance traditionalists would have agreed, had this statement ever been made aloud. No one, including the Piloboli themselves, could say exactly what it was that the troupe was doing when it began experimenting in 1971. It certainly was not dance, say the purists, meaning that it was not classical ballet or any recognizable modern dance. Was it aerobic slapstick, abstract-expres-

sionist mime, some kind of muscular, head-over-heels *tableau vivant*? The startling truth was that Pilobolus entangled human bodies in ways that no one had ever seen before. When the group performed on Broadway last year for four weeks of near sold-out performances, Critic Arlene Croce admitted that the Pilobolus Dance Theater, to give the group its first, last and middle names, had gone beyond mere ingenuity: "We are shaken out of admiration into awe."

The credible dancing fungus is still spreading. They are now on a tour in In-

dia. Trying to explain how it all happened, Wolken offers: "None of us had the dance background, and we didn't feel secure alone, so we developed a kind of linked moment." He thinks this over: "Or is that just an explanation that sounds right?"

There are four men and two women in the troupe, and they slip with disconcerting ease from dance patterns in which they are sexually distinct figures, to movements in which they are asexual hominoids, and then further, to strange massings in which we see not figures but a wholly unfamiliar tree of elbows and buttocks, then a viscous fluidity of flesh that breaks like a wave, then a great, undifferentiated lump that slams itself about on the sculptor's table, startling us with its momentary resemblances to beasts remembered from dreams.

Dancers of classical ballet disguise their great strength and athleticism with infinite refinements of grace. The Piloboli are utterly different; they glory, women and men, in chunks of muscle and spasms of energy, and their grace, like their abundant humor, is the careless result of motion. A body hurtles headfirst through the air, strikes another body—clay thrown at clay—and somehow



Wolken and Chase in *Molly's Not Dead*

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St. Regis

Dance



The company in Monkshood's Farewell
Tangling human bodies in new ways

sticks there, funny and graceful. Music is not danced to, but danced in, as space is danced in. Stories are not acted out, and when an arrangement of figures begins to suggest some coherent narrative line, the apparition melts and re-forms.

The dreamlike dance called *Untitled* is as explicit as Pilobolus numbers are allowed to be. In it the two women, dressed in long, full gowns, circulate gravely, as if at a garden party, then abruptly and astonishingly gain 3 ft in height. Their long skirts are now knee-length dresses, and the knees are those of two bare-legged men, on whose shoulders they ride. The two huge women dance a flirtation with the two remaining men, who wear top hats and frock coats. The dream then shifts unaccountably, and the women settle back to normal height, giving violent birth to the two naked men who have been carrying them. The mood of the onlooker is simple wonder.

Performances of this kind are exhausting and so is the process of Pilobolus creation, which is generally a free-for-all heckling session. The troupe's humor remains, but more often now a serious mood is noticeable. Composers are collaborating more actively in the evolution of new dance pieces. Pilobolus is beginning to be imitated, but Wolken doesn't think that the troupe has created a mainstream dance movement. No one really knows. In the meantime, "we're still finding moments we haven't seen before," he says, thinking it over. "Movement's pretty good stuff!"

—John Skow

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Books

Skuldruggery and High Technology

With exotic sex and heroes motivated by the heroin

This year's hardest currency may turn out to be the literature of dope, double-cross and revenge. The best of the current thrillers, many by little-known writers, reflect a move out from the cold war caper to a wider, well-plotted world of skuldruggery and high technology. The new books cover the map from Cozumel to Copenhagen, the Persian Gulf to the South China Sea. Their post-Bondian hardware ranges from a Guppy-class submarine to the world's biggest tanker, the *Dragon M-47* antitank rocket to the Soviet Dragunov rifle. In most cases, the hero is motivated by the heroin, but there is no shortage of sex, usually exotic and always dangerous. Seven sizzlers:

THE SHIPKILLER

by Justin Scott; Dial/James Wade
341 pages; \$9.95

Bursting out of a squall at 16 knots, a vast wall of steel pulverizes a small sailboat and steams blithely on. The million-ton megatanker *Leviathan*, biggest moving object on the face of the earth, leaves Peter and Carolyn Hardin floundering in the chill Atlantic. He survives;

she does not. Dr. Hardin is ravaged by the death of his wife and half crazed over his inability to win redress or even acknowledgment of what he regards as murder. But he is rich, a skillful sailor and a brilliant technician. In another boat, a 38-ft. sloop he renames *Carolyn*, equipped with radar of his own invention and a purloined U.S. antitank TOW missile, Hardin sails off to stalk and destroy the black Moby Dick. Symbolically, his shipmate is also black, a physician, as was his wife, a young woman who had pulled him from an English beach and back to health, if not sanity.

The hunt takes them through a savage South Atlantic storm that dismasts the sloop and defuses the kill: even *Leviathan* barely survives the battering. Elegant Ajaratu Akanke, by now both sleeping and sailing mate, is spirited from Capetown to her native Nigeria while Hardin lays a solo course for the Persian Gulf, where *Leviathan* will take on a million tons of oil...

New Yorker Justin Scott spent two

years researching and writing *The Shipkiller*. It shows. His saga of the battered, unyielding *Carolyn* is as heady as Francis Chichester's narrative, with a draught of Melville and a sash of Josh Slocum. His choice of villain is a shrewd one. *Leviathan* is even more dangerous and ungovernable than any vessel described in Noël Mostert's *Supership*. Scott, who has published five previous novels, limns his driven people as stylishly as his boats. As for Peter Hardin, he will surely name his next sloop *Ajaratu*.

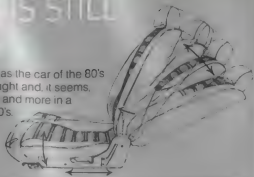
THE JUDAS GOAT

by Robert B. Parker
Houghton Mifflin; 181 pages; \$7.95

Spenser, as readers know from Robert Parker's four other novels about the man, is a flip, middle-aged, not too successful private investigator from Boston. He has style though and, rarer yet, compassion and a moral code. Asked by a Massachusetts millionaire to track down the gang of crazies who killed his wife and daughters with a bomb in a London restaurant, Spenser replies: "I don't do assassinations." But he does do bounty hunts. The price: \$2,500 a head, plus expenses, for the capture, dead or alive, of the nine terrorists involved. Spenser's marks are members of the so-called Lib-

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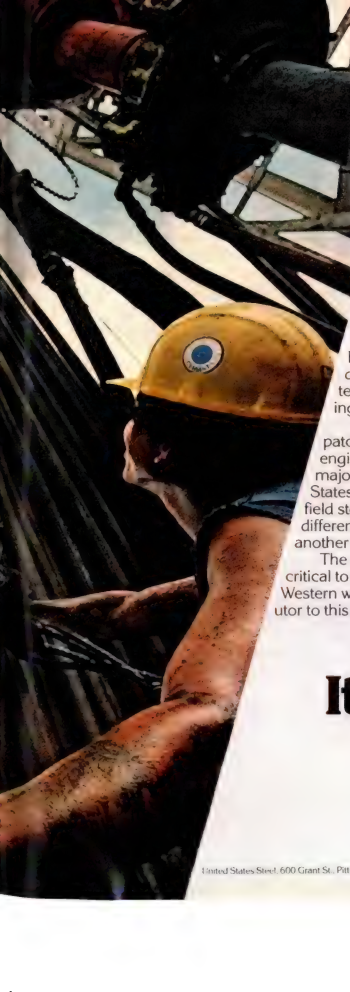


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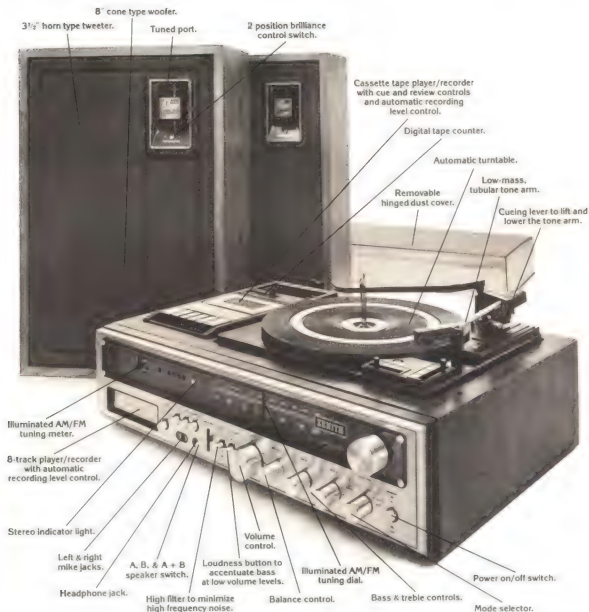


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Books



Robert B. Parker

Spenser is back, at \$2,500 a head

erty group, an anti-Communist outfit dedicated to preserving white rule in Africa.

The pursuit starts in London, where Spenser's enterprise is not viewed with unalloyed joy by Scotland Yard. After a couple of sanguinary melees, he is joined by Hawk, a smooth, totally amoral black man and sometime adversary of Spenser's (*Promised Land*) with a taste for fancy duds, birds of all stripes and Taittinger champagne. (Spenser quaffs Amstel beer.) The chase leads to Copenhagen and Amsterdam and on to a tinging denouement at the Olympic Games in Montreal. Parker who has described himself as "a reformed academic," knows his cityscapes. He also has a wry wit and an attentive ear for dialogue. Indeed, the sayings of Badass Hawk constantly upstage Spenser. Told of the Liberty leader's plan to save the Dark Continent for the white man, Hawk draws: "He got a big job. I hear there's quite some number of Nigras in Africa."

TECHNICIANS OF DEATH

by Tony Williamson *Athenaeum*
246 pages, \$8.95

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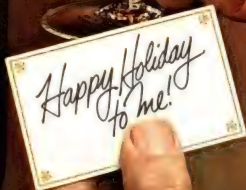
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in your house of worship.**

There's a cure for loneliness—in the strength that families offer. In family values of love, and helping. Remember, you're part of God's family. And you can find the strength of family values in your house of worship—working with others, giving of yourself. Then you're not lonely, and there's also help for the problems we all face.



A Public Service of The Advertising Council



Great Wines are never blended. Neither is Old Forester.

Wine experts know blending can improve the taste of an ordinary wine.

For example, a tart wine can be mellowed by mixing it with a soft wine. Or a light wine strengthened by adding wine with more body.

But a connoisseur still prefers the individuality, character and finesse of a wine that's the product of a single vineyard and harvest.

That's why the Great Wines are never blended.

And neither is Old Forester.

We want it to taste like no other whisky in the world.

Like Great Wine, Old Forester achieves its rich, golden color and distinctive, full-bodied flavor naturally. From the unique way it's matured in charred, white oak barrels, under exacting conditions. Not from blending.

It's a slow and expensive process.

But while we've always known blending can make our job easier, it's not going to make our whisky better.



The Great Whisky Made Like Great Wine.

Books

possible, if not peaceable, with the \$10 billion cash value of the dream dust Chung can assemble.

At this point, the FBI, the Israeli intelligence service and other concerned agencies get wind of the great horse trade. They decide to divert the dope by sending in Lee Corey, a versatile (*The Domsday Contract*) G-man, impersonating Terrorist Leader Carlos Ramirez Sanchez, a.k.a. the Jackal. Scorpion and pseudo Jackal go off to collect 9½ metric tons of crude opium. British Author Tony Williamson's account of their buying trip into the Triangle—stalked by the real Ramirez—is wild, high adventure. It is topped by the American's solution of the shipping problem. With some Bangkok bullyboys and a few qualified if reluctant technicians led by a former U.S. Navy commander turned junkie, he pirates a submarine that had been abandoned by the Americans in South Viet Nam, torpedoes a pursuing gunboat, loads the sub with the H and, after a horripilant transpacific odyssey, attempts a rendezvous with the U.S. Coast Guard. Throughout, Agent Corey finds time for good food, wine and silken Thais. He deserves to surface elsewhere.

A STENCH OF POPPIES

by Ivor Drummond; St. Martin's Press
192 pages; \$7.95

These opium poppies grow in Turkey. They are not your ordinary *Papaver somniferum*, but a new strain developed over eleven years by a Soviet scientist from Armenia. Infuriated by his government's decision to end the better-poppies-for-socialism program (his aim was to produce a more potent drug for medical use), Dr. Krikor Grotirian makes a deal to sell the seeds to an Armenian dealer, who smuggles them into Turkey. There, largely because they bear scarlet blooms rather than the more common white petals of opium flowers, they flourish undetected in the hinterland. What Grotirian does not realize is that heroin from his little flowers causes instant, hideous death. In England alone, more than 500 addicts are wiped out by the new-strain Turkish dope.

Enter the jolly trio of Sandro, a rich, glossy Italian count, Jenny, a golden-haired English aristocrat, and Colly, a wisecracking American who enjoys one of his nation's largest inherited fortunes. Relaxing in Istanbul, they stumble across the huge drug operation run by Mustafa Algan Bey, ostensibly Turkey's premier dealer in precious carpets. Their adventures take them in and out of jail cells, dungeons, buses, trucks and steamers and across the length and breadth of Poppyland. About the only peril they do not indulge in is erotica. However, Scotsman Ivor Drummond's dippy novel could also serve as a tourist's guide to Turkey. Caveat from Jenny re Istanbul: "Too many dead cats and too many live cockroaches."

HOW THE PLAYBOY TOWERS ACCOUNTS FOR ITS SUCCESS.

EXPENSE ACCOUNT		
NAME <i>Joseph Whitcomb</i>		
DATE	DESCRIPTION OF EXPENSE	AMOUNT
11th	Shuttle Bus from O'Hare Airport	\$3.50
11th	Accommodations - PLAYBOY TOWERS HOTEL	\$37.00+ tax
11th	Dinner for 2 (James Russ, Client) at Les Oeufs Restaurant	\$15.90
12th	Continental Breakfast at the PLAYBOY TOWERS LOBBY	\$1.95
12th	Taxis (Merchandise Mart, Round Trip)	\$4.00
12th	Lunch at the Supernosh Deli	\$2.66
12th	Shuttle Bus to O'Hare Airport	\$3.50
Congrats Joe: You're holding down costs! Ed		

Smart business travelers who appreciate the excitement and exclusivity of Chicago's Gold Coast, have made a success of Playboy Towers. They know how to hold down costs.

They dine with us at Les Oeufs Restaurant and relax in The Lobby Bar. For a meal or a snack they know that the Supernosh Deli is where it's at. They have us cater their banquets and business meetings. They shop at Playtique boutique, and enjoy the Playboy Club itself whenever they can.

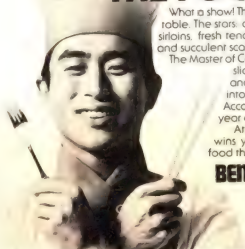
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At Benihana, the show always wins your applause. But it's the food that gets all the encores.

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Books

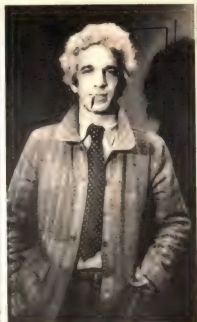
THE STIFF UPPER LIP

by Peter Israel; Crowell
187 pages; \$8.95

Hashish, according to a character in *The Stiff Upper Lip*, "is the biggest growth product in France." A runner-up might be basketball, *le basket*, which the French have discovered with delight and ineptitude. As Private Detective B.F. (for Benjamin Franklin) Cage soon finds out in his third adventure sponsored by Peter Israel, the two trades can be slimly and bloodily involved.

The American detective represents a rich, impatient New York client who is paying a lot of money to locate his vanished, overfed son, believed to be in Paris. Cage and the City of Light are getting along fine until he gets involved in the misfortunes of a 6-ft 7-in. black basketball star, Roscoe Hadley, known as "Ad-lay" to his Gallic worshippers. Cage winds up representing Ad-lay without fee against sundry real and imagined threats on his life from Paris to Amsterdam and some mob intervention from California. Nonmonetary compensation comes from a sexy Anglo-Parisienne who outsmarts just about everyone: *la belle* Valérie may even cure Cage of his addiction to Air France stewardesses.

Author Israel, a Manhattan publishing executive who lived for four years in Paris, writes intimately and amusingly about France, its people and institutions. Where else would you learn that the national anti-narc bureau is called the Central Office for the Repression of the Illicit Traffic of Stupefiers?



Peter Israel

Hashish and le basket in the City of Light.

Hear '78 on 78. It's a whole lot more than a whole lot of news.



WBBM/CBS Newsradio 78



We had this beautiful idea: Create a slim-styled liquid ink ball pen in a variety of elegant finishes that are refillable with a choice of four colors and available in fine and extra-fine point sizes. It's the smooth writing easy-to-hold Slim Rolling Writer pen.

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only from

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Books



Herbert Burkholz and Clifford Irving

THE DEATH FREAK

by John Luckless, alias Clifford Irving
and Herbert Burkholz: Summit
250 pages; \$8.95

As the author of that authentic fake, the "autobiography" of Howard Hughes, prolific Writer Clifford Irving can be relied upon for verisimilitude. Here Irving teams with entertaining Novelist Herbert Burkholz (*Mulligan's Seed*) to write a suavely persuasive, anti-Establishment thriller with the bitter aftertaste of Campari and vodka.

The antiheroes of *The Death Freak* are old foes and sudden bedfellows: Italian American Eddie Mancuso of the CIA's Technical Services Division and Muscovite Vasily Borgneff, his KGB counterpart. Each is his country's genius of UKDs (Unusual Killing Devices); each, independently, has decided to retire from the killing game. Both are then marked for "extraction" by their agencies (they know too much). To survive, the assassins must knock off the five top section bosses of their respective outfits in Colonial Williamsburg and rustic Zhukovka. The odd couple—Dirty Eddie and cosmopolitan Vasily—get to pool their talents through a seductive Washington connection named Chalice, whom they also share.

So successful is their counteroffensive that when the score reaches 6-0 for Eddie-Vasily, their former employers are also compelled to retire. Only then do the CIA-KGB apparatchiks realize that the deadly duo have switched roles: Eddie has taken on the Soviets, while Vasily is vacuuming the Washington spooks. Neither elite can predict how, when or against whom the hunted pair will deploy a lethal list of weapons that include camera-fired flechettes, boomslang venom, plastic-packed tea bags, flame-throwing hair dryers, nerve gas and atomic tennis balls. Nor can they figure who or what is the ubiquitous Chalice, or whether the Mancneff partnership can hold up. As for the Irving team, its novel is clever, cynical and compelling.

COCAINE AND BLUE EYES

by Fred Zackel; Coward McCann & Geoghegan; 264 pages; \$8.95

Drugs and thugs, a missing person and a backchatting investigator also dominate *Cocaine and Blue Eyes*. Fred Zackel's sprightly first novel, set mostly in the San Francisco Bay Area, combines the story of a Pacific Heights dynasty, corporate shenanigans, Chinatown gangs, a spectrum of sex, aging flower children, Mafia money and the houseboat life in Sausalito. The result is as nerve-rattling as a full-throttle auto chase from Grant Avenue to Fisherman's Wharf.

At the outset a sleazy young dope dealer vainly attempts to hire Investigator Michael Brennan to locate blue-eyed Dani, his missing girlfriend and meal ticket. Brennan has just about decided to retire from the shamus game. However, when the dealer shows up mysteriously dead, the down-at-heels p.i. takes on the posthumous assignment. Dani, it develops, belongs to a wealthy Faulknerian family held together by booze, barbiturates, bitterness, incest and greed. Brennan finally finds the girl (also mysteriously dead) and discovers that the family business is being run by a homosexual Chinatown lawyer and his epicene "nephew." The nephew is quietly siphoning off cash to finance a cocaine-smuggling operation, and the tale moves to a bewildering but believable showdown. His publisher reports that Sausalito-based Zackel is working on a second novel, which on the evidence should be as welcome as San Francisco's cracked-crab season.

—Michael Demaree

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1 War and Remembrance, *Wouk* (1 last week)
- 2 Chesapeake, *Michener* (2)
- 3 Fools Die, *Pizzo* (3)
- 4 Second Generation, *Frost* (4)
- 5 The Far Pavilions, *Kaye* (5)
- 6 Evergreen, *Platt* (6)
- 7 The Empty Copper Sea, *MacDonald* (9)
- 8 Bright Flows the River, *Caldwell*
- 9 Prelude to Terror, *MacInnes*
- 10 Scruples, *Krantz* (8)

NONFICTION

- 1 American Caesar, *Manchester* (2)
- 2 In Search of History, *White* (1)
- 3 A Distant Mirror, *Tuchman* (4)
- 4 If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries —What Am I Doing in the Pit?, *Bainbridge* (3)
- 5 The Complete Book of Running, *Fixx* (5)
- 6 Jackie Oh!, *Kelley* (6)
- 7 A Time for Truth, *Simon* (7)
- 8 Werner Erhard, *Bartley*
- 9 Pulling Your Own Strings, *Dyer* (8)
- 10 Gnomes, *Huygen & Poorvohet* (6)

'700 Club' TV Show Takes Woman Off Street.

She was 28 years old. A divorcee working as a barmaid in a dingy tavern on the seamy side of town. Each night she drifted through the haze of smoke, the din of the juke box, the greasy smell of the grill. Hustling beer and considering the more lucrative propositions of her customers.

Dope and Despair. For more than two years she had worked the bar as a waitress until closing, and as a prostitute after hours. Her boyfriend was a junkie with an increasingly expensive habit. As long as she brought home the money, he'd stay. And God knows she didn't want to be alone. But each day she examined her life, she slipped deeper into despair.

Mornings were the toughest. Getting ready to face another day, just like the last. Not living. Not dying. Just hanging on.

It was one of those mornings. She was making a half-hearted attempt at straightening up before facing another day's work. She switched on the television just to fill the silence.

A Voice of Concern. The man's voice was pleasant, warm and concerned. He was talking about people who had reached a point in their lives where there just wasn't any hope. She sensed he was talking to her, and that he knew exactly where she was. He wasn't condemning. He was caring.



A changed life

And the hooker was hooked, watching the 700 Club TV Show. It was to be the last day she hustled beer. The last day she hustled her body, because somebody cared about her and bothered to say so. Someone had reached out and offered her hope for tomorrow.

The 700 Club is that kind of program. It has a dynamic effect on millions of viewers every year. It changes lives and lifestyles. And it's upbeat all the way. A TV talk show with exciting guests, great music and the latest news. And real life drama. It's for today.

People Caring for People. But even though the 700 Club is highly entertaining, helping people is really what it's all about. The 700 Club volunteer counselors serve a tremendous number of people. Call 1-804-628-0700 and speak with someone who

cares about you. The 700 Club counselors man telephones 24 hours a day, helping viewers with everything from potential suicide to a youngster's plea to find a lost pet. And good things happen. Thousands of lives have been dramatically changed. Over one million letters received at 700 Club offices last year testify to the reality of the power in this broadcast. The 700 Club is entertaining. But more, when anyone needs help, or a change in life, the 700 Club is there—people caring for people.

Write for Free Brochure. For a free copy of the 700 Club brochure, write People Brochure, P.O. Box 12170, Norfolk, Va. 23502.

Taken from a true story reported to the 700 Club.

WATCH THE TV SHOW THAT CHANGES LIVES

*The 700
Club*

People Caring for People.

Check your TV listing for time and station.

Farewell to a Golden Trio

Rare combinations of character and consummate skill

No one who saw them in their halcyon days would ever forget them: Gene Tunney, the perfectly controlled ring tactician; Bobby Hull, hockey's most explosive scorer; Bobby Orr, the greatest defenseman, graceful and creative, in hockey history. Tunney died last week at 81, and Orr retired at 30, just seven days after Hull quit at 39. They were three of sport's heroic figures. Consummate athletes, they came to be respected as much for their character as for their skills.

In the rough-and-ready world of prizefighting, Gene Tunney was unique. Self-educated and fiercely proud, he remained determinedly aloof from the Damon Runyon characters of the sport's golden age. George Bernard Shaw, an avid fight fan, was more to Tunney's taste, despite the fact that the heavyweight refused an offer to appear in Shaw's boxing play, *Cashel Byron's Profession*. He believed that the playwright had portrayed fighters as simple and dim-witted, and Gene Tunney was neither.

A high school dropout at 16, he became a self-taught Shakespearean scholar. He was also an intelligent fighter, a master of the sweet science who won the title from Jack Dempsey on a decision in 1926. In their second fight, Tunney was ahead on points when Dempsey decked him, then lost his chance to regain the title when he was slow to go to a neutral corner. Given an extra four seconds to clear his head—the famous



Gene Tunney in his prime (1926)

Aloof from the Damon Runyon types.

"long count"—Tunney got up and out-boxed Dempsey the rest of the way to save his championship.

Tunney retired undefeated, the only modern heavyweight champion besides Rocky Marciano smart enough to quit at the top, and settled into a successful business career. He lived quietly with his wife Polly Lauder and four children in Greenwich, Conn. In 1971 the fighter's son, John, became U.S. Senator from California. As time went by, Tunney came to be friends with Dempsey. The old foes were thought of together, two men joined by their past. When Tunney's death was reported, Dempsey's wife Deanna said of her ailing husband, "He is taking it very badly. You must remember Gene was a big part of Jack's life for 60 years."

In a sense, Bobby Hull and Bobby Orr were like Tunney and Dempsey: they transformed and lifted their sport. When Hull began to play for the Chicago Black Hawks as an 18-year-old left-winger, the National Hockey League gained not only a new idol, the Golden Jet, but also a new scoring weapon, the slapshot. At his best, Hull could skate at nearly 30 m.p.h., and his shot whistled at 118 m.p.h., sometimes knocking the glove off the goaltender's hand.

Enormously strong, Hull was as graceful as a figure skater, and he became the biggest attraction in hockey history.

He was also one of the cleanest players in the game. In 1972 he joined the Winnipeg Jets in the new World Hockey Association and immediately became both its most solid asset and most expensive liability: his contract gave him a reported \$2.75 million over a ten-year period. But age inevitably slowed his stride, and deponent over his recent divorce, he quit after 22 years in hockey. In 1,447 games, he had scored 1,012 goals (second only to Gordie Howe), drilled home 50 or more goals in nine seasons, and twice set single-season scoring records.

Hull and Orr were their sport's premier ambassadors. Hull beaming broadly as he spent tireless hours signing autographs, Orr smiling shyly as the cheers swept over him. Orr was a magician, a man who accomplished what no other defenseman had ever done—become his team's main scoring threat. Playing for the Boston Bruins, Orr changed the dimension of the game, sweeping up ice from the far end of the rink and then scoring with his short-range wrist shot. Twice he led the league in goals, an astonishing feat for a defender. For a record three straight years, he was the N.H.L.'s most valuable player.

Orr led the Bruins to two Stanley Cup titles and then, his knees already battered, went to the Black Hawks in 1976. He was still better than most, but he was not himself. His contract called for a salary of \$600,000 a year, yet he had not cashed a single paycheck when he quit last week after seven operations had failed to save his knees. He refused to be paid unless he delivered, and Bobby Orr, like Tunney and Hull, always delivered the best.



Bobby Hull attacking for Chicago (1968)

Graceful as a figure skater.



Bobby Orr controlling for Boston (1968)

Creative as a magician.

CHIVAS REGAL • 1.75 LITER BOTTLE • 12 YEARS OLD MOUTHWORM • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y., N.Y.



Next time you serve Chivas at a party, do something really impressive.
Serve enough.

INTRODUCING OUR MILEAGE CHAMP, WITH ROOM FOR 4 ADULTS.

THE NEW FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE

If you asked people what benefit they'd expect to get from small cars, they'd probably all say, "Good Gas Mileage." Well, we think that's just fine. 'Cause our new little Plymouth Champ delivers some pretty astounding gas economy.



IMAGINE A MILEAGE CHAMP WITH SO MUCH ROOM.

If you asked people what they'd expect to sacrifice in order to get the good gas economy of a small car, they'd probably all say, "room." Well, we've got just one word for you folks... SURPRISE! The '79 Plymouth Champ's got

room enough for four... and cargo space, too. It's also got a wide hatch for easy loading of that cargo.

TWIN-STICK. NOT JUST A NEW TRANSMISSION. A NEW INNOVATION.

Probably the most unique feature of the new Plymouth Champ, is its Twin-Stick transmission. With the simple flick of a lever, you can maximize economy, or get more power when you need it.





E PLYMOUTH CHAMP.

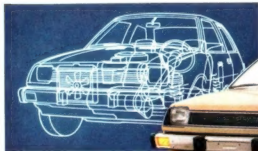


You select the mode to fit your driving needs. The result . . . added acceleration when necessary, and amazing fuel economy.

FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE DOES MORE THAN IMPROVE YOUR DRIVING.

Front-wheel drive means traction, stability and more interior room. And a Champ wouldn't be a Champ without it. Come see and

test drive our new Champ. We think you'll be completely convinced that we gave it the right name.



*EPA estimates for 1.4L engine and Twin-Stick transmission. Your mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition and its optional equipment. California mileage lower.



**Base sticker price, excluding taxes and destination charges.

THAT'S IMAGINATION. THAT'S PLYMOUTH.

Come to Marlboro Country.



Famous Marlboro Red and Marlboro Lights—
either way, you get a lot to like.



Lights: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine — Kings: 17 mg "tar,"
1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 78.

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